

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2758.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT: "THE MASTERPIECES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS." SIXPENCE.
By Post, 8d.



THE REVOLT IN MOROCCO: READING DESPATCHES IN THE KASBA BATTERY AT TANGIER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is pleasant to find that "General" Booth does not confine his attentions to the Submerged Tenth, but has offered employment to the members of that very overstocked profession, the Law. In his speech at Exeter Hall he told us that the Salvation Army has already "three solicitors on the premises" (all, no doubt, doing business for it "for love"); but that it badly wants "a smart barrister." He promises "a generous retainer and that his brief shall be marked in big figures," an announcement calculated to gladden many a "junior." Unfortunately, however, as in the famous breach-of-promise case, his intentions, though honourable, are remote. The smart barrister "must wait for his fee till he gets home to the Celestial City." This date of payment is thought in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn to be a little uncertain and even precarious, and the acceptance of employment on such terms to be incompatible with the law and the profits.

The decease of the author of the "Cheveley novels," however regrettable on personal grounds, cannot be described as a great loss to literature. The first of the series—"The Modern Minister"—was, however, remarkable from the very considerable sensation it made, upon grounds almost absolutely without foundation. The writer was heralded as "a second Dickens," for no other reason, one could discover, than that the work was brought out in monthly numbers. It was a striking example of the fact that the force of puffing a feeble writer can no further go than his first book: all the wind in the world fails to make the second circulate; but, as a general rule, very little wind can be raised, for the writers who prophesied smooth things in the first instance are naturally disgusted at the failure of their vaticinations, and maintain a judicious silence about their fallen idol.

The offence of prison-breaking seems a more venial one than the law considers it. It is, of course, a flying in the face of authority, but the majority of criminals have not that innate sense of obedience which belongs to well-regulated minds. The desire for liberty is natural to all created beings (except, perhaps, dormice), and to punish the attempt to obtain it with severity strikes one as almost cruel. Jack Sheppard was a most unmitigated blackguard, notwithstanding the halo with which the novelist has surrounded him, but one cannot help sympathising with his disregard of bolts and bars and chains. It certainly might be said of him that "stone walls did not a prison make," though in moral respects he was inferior to the captive to whom the poet alludes. If the character of Baron Trenck comes to be closely investigated, it is not without stain, he would have made a very poor figure under cross-examination, even in the reformed method of conducting it to which sanguine persons are looking forward; but one hopes with him, as one reads his marvellous story, that the sentry may not hear him sharpening his tenpenny-nail, or taking the stones out of his sixteen-feet-thick wall with it. And even when the poor wretch in durance vile is a criminal, and not a baron, one cannot withhold one's admiration for the ingenuity and patience with which he works his way to freedom. Prisoners in these days must be thinner than they were, for they always make their escape through the ventilators of their cells instead of digging holes in the floor, or swarming up the chimney. The last feat of this nature was accomplished the other day at Folkestone, and was, perhaps, the less remarkable, inasmuch as the fugitive was a burglar. Those that hide can find, and those that break in can break out; but his achievement was, nevertheless, remarkable. He got away for the Christmas holidays, and seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, but he has been retaken, and now, like his predecessor in the ballad, he "pays for all," the last item in the account being for "prison-breaking." Poor wretch!

At Salem, Massachusetts (a locality strange enough to be chosen for such an entertainment, and calculated to make the Pilgrim Fathers turn in their graves), they have been playing "animated whist"; not whist with the excitement of disagreement, as might be supposed, but with living beings in place of cards. It is described as having been quite as brilliant a spectacle as animated chess, and not so tedious. The performers only appear to have played one rubber, after which they degenerated into dancing a "shuffle," with "hands" of thirteen. Hearts, of course, were trumps, and there were great temptations to revoke when a Queen could be taken by no other means. The four aces were also represented by young ladies, and one of them is described as bitterly complaining that a part had been allotted to her in which "nobody could ever take her"—namely, the ace of trumps.

A literary lady has been again lifting up her voice in the newspapers against the custom of not reading manuscripts, which she says obtains even in the best publishing houses. She might just as well complain of the publicans that they do not patronise the brewers. How is a publisher to pursue his trade without reading and—occasionally, at all events—accepting manuscripts? For what purpose stands Paternoster Row? She says that the manuscripts of only well-known authors are read: but sooner or later these must cease to write, and, if her view be the correct one, there would then be nothing left to publish.

The truth of the matter is that rejected contributors can never acquiesce in the justice of their rejection: they always attribute it to prejudice, or want of appreciation, or neglect. Moreover, their work has not a fair chance, they think, unless it is read "from titlepage to closing line." It never strikes them that it is no use for the publisher's reader to wade further than the ordinary reader will wade, yet he is a pretty good judge of the limit of the public patience. Some writers are conscious that they are a little slow in developing the interest of their book. "You will find," they say, "my twenty-first chapter a particularly striking one." But how is one to get through the twenty preceding chapters? It is like an explorer who tells us that, after hewing his way through the jungle for twenty days, he came upon a tree of fabulous girth and colossal height. "You should see that tree," he observes, and we are very willing to see it—in a picture. But we are not all explorers, or going to Central Africa to look at it. Our literary lady, however, protests that she can get nobody to read even her first chapter. On the other hand, if even a first chapter is very hard reading, it may not unreasonably be taken as a sample of the whole.

Some weeks ago an indignant correspondent took me to task for quoting with approval some remarks in a medical journal upon the possible advantage, in certain cases of nervousness and worry, of the use of tobacco among women. He accused me (as is the way of indignant correspondents) of an offence I had not committed—the advocacy of smoking among the fair sex generally. Vehemently as the gentleman expressed himself, a spectacle I saw in Piccadilly the other day almost converts me to his views. It was between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, when I there beheld an elderly person of the opposite sex smoking a cigar, which even in a male mouth would have seemed of prodigious size. She did not belong to "the classes," and the article had probably, with misplaced generosity, been given to her. It must not be considered another wound to a constantly "bleeding country" if I state my conviction that she was an Irishwoman. There was a twinkle of merriment in her eye at the sensation she was causing which was unmistakably Hibernian. Otherwise, I am bound to say that female smoker was a very unattractive spectacle. It is noticeable that when this practice among women is advocated, the lady smoker is always represented as young and beautiful, and handling her cigarette as if it was a flower. But this cigar was more like a cabbage (perhaps it was cabbage), and was very, very far from being an ornament. From an artistic point of view, I feel bound to confess that no lady of mature years and inclined to stoutness should venture upon this enjoyment. Like the shell-jacket of the military, it does not become the old and the fat.

The minds of the denizens of clubland are just now much exercised as to the impropriety or otherwise of their doings being made public. Anything that takes place within their walls should, it is said by some, be kept scrupulously private; others assert that in the case of clubs which comprise fifteen hundred members or so, with outside friends, complete secrecy is hardly to be expected. Under these circumstances it is doubtful whether one would be justified in relating a domestic incident that has recently taken place at one of these institutions, were not the nature of it so "interesting" as to override ordinary considerations. Everyone knows Tom, the noble cat at the Reform Club, a constant attendant in the reading-room, where he even sleeps, as, indeed, do other people. He is the idol both of Unionists and Home Rulers, and repose alike on the knees of those who take a little wine (for their stomachs' sake) and of the teetotalers. For many years, like other club bachelors, he eschewed matrimony, but at last fell a victim to the charms of the beautiful Tabby at the Carlton. Political differences could not check the force of his affectionate nature. The legend runs that even the considerable space between the two institutions was no obstacle to him, but that he leapt across it (from roof to roof) one starlight night. The result of this romantic attachment revealed itself the other day in a fine litter of (Liberal Unionist) kittens. What is very touching, every club in Pall Mall is said to have applied for one. The member who furnished me with the above intelligence chanced to consult me upon the width of the street between the two houses, with the view of sending the incident to the *Spectator*, but I persuaded him to let me have it instead; and I hope, for his sake, its publication will not be considered a breach of club etiquette.

The young lady who went away the other day in boy's clothes, "from the influence of romantic literature," in order to establish herself on a desert island, has been discovered as an errand-boy at a plumber and glazier's. Her ambition has been nipped in the bud, but her behaviour seems to have been marked by a sagacity unusual with one of her sex, and far exceeding what commonly belongs to runaways of a kindred description. Their general peculiarity is a hopeless ignorance of anything that can be of advantage to them when thrown upon their own resources, and this defect it was obviously her intention to remedy. Everyone remembers how impossible Robinson Crusoe found it to turn out anything in the shape of a window,

whereas in course of time this young lady might have been in a position to provide herself with a conservatory—a charming addition to a cave-dwelling. There is reason to suppose that she may have similarly intended to have apprenticed herself to other unornamental but useful trades; and altogether "romantic literature" may, for once, be said to have scored, instead of producing those evil results which students of the hundred best books, magistrates, and evangelical divines are so ready to impute to it.

In Holland, where a good deal of alcoholic liquor is taken—in consequence, perhaps, of the temptation of there being always water at hand to mix with it—men can no longer be trusted to work the switches on the railways, and women now fill their places. This is a slap in the face indeed to the male sex, and a great triumph to the advocates of female labour. But we have yet to see how the thing works. The men say that there will now be looking-glasses in the switch-boxes, and that the women will never leave them till they have smoothed their last hair and settled the bow of their last riband, and that in the meantime there will be collisions; that when left to themselves they never have been in time for the train as passengers, and will not be more punctual as points-women; and, finally, that if they hear their lover's whistle anywhere in the neighbourhood they will pay very little attention to that of the locomotive. If these objections are not valid, conclude the men, "We are not Dutchmen."

We have a "Secret History of Authors who have ruined their Booksellers," and now it seems possible that we may have a less private one of publishers who have ruined their authors. The case of *Swindles v. The London Publishing Company* may be considered the first of them. If Mr. Walter Besant had entered into a conspiracy with other members of the Authors' Society to get up a case that should illustrate their views upon the relations between the too eager disciple of literature and the too enterprising publisher, he could have produced nothing more conclusive. The defendants were perfect types of a class who live and thrive upon the vanity of would-be authors, and whose snare would be spread in vain in the sight of any other bird. What passion less than that of appearing in print could induce a reasonable being living on thirty shillings a week to give forty pounds to a total stranger for a service which, in the nature of things, ought to require no guerdon? If the manuscript in question was worth printing, it was worth paying for; or, if loss was contemplated, one would think, at all events, that a respectable house might have been employed for its production. But if the "City of London Publishing Company" did not know its business it knew its clients, how to bait its advertising hook, and, once applied to, how to lay the gilt of praise upon the gingerbread.

A work so full of genius as had been placed in their hands only wanted to be known—and the sum of forty pounds paid in advance—to secure a literary reputation. The forty pounds was paid, but the work was not made known, and, worse than all, the original manuscript—a poem, too!—was not forthcoming. Here the "City of London Publishing Company" made their mistake. The loss of the money (especially as the work was to be published by subscription) the poet might have borne with comparative equanimity, but the loss of his deathless verses was naturally intolerable: the wrath of the tigress deprived of her young was nothing to it. He has brought his action, and obtained £500 damages; it might just as well have been £5000, which would have been more consoling to the bard, and cost his adversaries not a penny more. The money of the class of publishers to which they belong is always "locked up in securities which are not at present available." Until they have been "locked up" themselves, we shall never get rid of these scoundrels, for the harvest on which they exist—literary vanity—is always in full ear and ready for the reaper.

If I had been literary adviser to the "City of London Publishing Company," I would have told them some stories of lost manuscripts that would have kept them out of that hole, at all events. To lose a man's manuscript, and especially if it be a poem, is the unforgivable sin with authors: it "turns the coward's heart to steal, the sluggard's blood to flame," and even (as we see) drives them into the witness-box. When I read the praises of "brown Greek manuscripts," and the rapture of those who discover them ("Oh, great gain! Oh, unexpected felicity! I entreat you, my Poggio, send it me that I may look upon it before I die"), when I behold my friend the collector turning over his black-letter folio with trembling fingers, I smile, for I know that the fancy prices at which they value them are mere shillings and pence compared with the estimate which Jones puts upon his poem, written within the last three months, upon "Alaric, King of the Visigoths," and which he says demands my "promptest attention"—in spite of the antiquity of the subject, nothing, it seems, will satisfy an expectant public but "immediate publication"—and above all, he writes, "place the manuscript, when you are not reading it" (as if it was doubtful whether I could snatch a moment from its perusal for my meals), "in your iron safe, as I have no copy."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I have had my first serious quarrel with the Serjeant-at-Arms. It arose from the astounding scene in the House when Mr. Balfour introduced the Irish Local Government Bill. "Serjeant," I said, when that lamentable sitting was over, "take me away, and put me in some treasure-house which is not likely to be disturbed by unseemly riot." "What do you mean?" he asked. "I mean that my public service in the House of Commons is at an end. I cannot consent to adorn any longer an assembly which descends to the moral level of a football scrimmage. I am willing to make allowances for an Opposition, but when they tumble over one another with yells, and toss a Government Bill about the House as if it were a ball, and when Sir William Harcourt exclaims, 'Call that a Government!' as though this were the refrain of a comic song, I feel that this is no place for me." "You suffer from a heated imagination," observed the Serjeant. After that we had further words, and when I was carried into the House next day it was under protest. I did not feel fully restored till I heard Sir Edward Clarke disengaging some nights later on Christian unity, and noticed that the Deputy Serjeant sat in the Serjeant's chair. I knew that Mr. Erskine had absented himself, lest the sight of him should irritate me further, and when I heard Mr. Gosset pensively murmuring, "Birds in their little nests agree, And 'tis a shameful sight," I was quite overcome. "Take me to my Serjeant's arms," I said, "and let me weep upon his shoulder."

Of the scene to which I allude I have only a confused recollection now. It was so amazing that it comes back to me as the disjointed phantasmagoria of delirium. I have an idea that in the midst of the hurly-burly Mr. Justin McCarthy stood up and gave a recitation from Shakespeare. Then, I dimly remember that Mr. Healy told a good story about a certain Mrs. Lucas, who was the wife of a grand juror, and who set fire to her bed with paraffin oil, and got compensation three times from the grand jury for malicious injury to a boycotted person. There is an absence of plausibility about this anecdote which makes me suspect that I must have dreamt it. I am quite certain that the inexorable Tim threatened to go into the whole subject of Irish grand jury law, and the terror inspired by this prospect may have given me nightmare. I don't think I came fully to myself till I heard the dulcet tones of Mr. Chaplin as he explained the provisions of the Small Holdings Bill. The House was no longer riotous. Silent deference was the only fitting tribute to the Minister of Agriculture as he told us how he had once held a set of opinions which experience and logic had induced him to abandon. The most frivolous Irish member was deeply impressed. We saw Mr. Chaplin slowly relinquishing those cherished views, at the light of a higher reason gradually dawned through that eye-glass which is the lofty beacon of his mind. "What a subject for a fresco!" murmured Sir William Harcourt across the table; "Chaplin converted to Small Holdings!" "Or Harcourt to Home Rule," suggested Mr. Balfour, who was engaged in writing his Parliamentary sketch, without which, I am told, the Queen can never breakfast. I hope Mr. Balfour favoured her Majesty with a moving description of his colleague, of that imposing form and sonorous voice, and of the deep hush which fell upon the House as this picturesque Tory squire entreated us to restore the yeomen of England. I like to fancy Mr. Chaplin as a political Prospero, waving a magic wand, and recalling to the land "where wealth accumulates and men decay" the sturdy and prosperous tillers of the soil who were their country's pride.

For Mr. Chaplin the Small Holdings Bill is a personal success, and the respect with which it was received by the Opposition showed that a judicious calm had fallen upon their exuberant spirits. Some beams from Mr. Chaplin's halo descended upon Mr. Jackson, who introduced the Irish Education Bill without being assailed with derisive cries. The new Chief Secretary is not what you could call an emotional being. If all the Irish members were to stand on their heads, I don't think Mr. Jackson would exhibit the smallest surprise. He would proceed with the public business as if the inverted condition of Irish politicians were a phenomenon of no account. I verily believe that this impassiveness would withstand even one of those sudden visits of Black Rod, and that the Chief Secretary would pursue the matter he had in hand even if the emissary of the House of Lords were bowing himself out backwards. There is a tone about Mr. Jackson which is better for the House of Commons than sal volatile for hysterical women. After the tantrums over the Local Government Bill, Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Jackson, between them, have restored the Parliamentary equanimity. Party passions have been so far allayed that Sir Edward Clarke, even in the midst of an impassioned defence of the Welsh Establishment against that fiery iconoclast, Mr. Samuel Smith, was heard to declare that he was convinced of the essential fairness of the Member for Flintshire's mind. After this an atmosphere of brotherhood spread itself over the House. Sir John Puleston, beaming through his glasses, refuted the Nonconformist statistics with the air of a man who would say, "I would much rather not mention these things, you know, for there is really nothing so irresistible as your argument, except my own." Even the professional pleasantries of Mr. Bryce, that the Solicitor-General had alluded to St. Paul as if he thought the apostle had been "only a moderate success," stirred no protest from evangelical Tories under the gallery. I marvel at the versatility of Mr.

Bryce. He said he had travelled through Wales, and was deep in the sentiments of the Welsh Episcopalian clergy, and I know he has written a book on the American Commonwealth. Such a breadth of experience is rare.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HIMALAYAN GLACIERS OF BALTIstan.

The sublime features and aspects of rock and ice scenery at great mountain heights, with the laws of physical science revealed by such phenomena, have engaged many explorers in the present age. An expedition of much importance is undertaken this year in a region which seems to invite strenuous efforts with a view to scientific knowledge. Baltistan, sometimes called Little Tibet, is a small province of the Maharajah of Kashmir's territory, north of Kashmir, bounded on the north by the Mustakh or Mooz-dagh mountains, a portion of the Western Himalayas, separating it from Yarkand, and to the east by the Karakorum range, a prolongation of the Hindoo Koosh. The pass over the Mustakh leads to the Baltoro glacier, which is the largest known to exist on the surface of the globe except in the Arctic or Antarctic regions. It is to be visited this year by a party of explorers to make ascents of peaks in its vicinity. Mr. Conway is in charge, accompanied by the Hon. G. C. Bruce, of the Indian Army, Mr. J. H. Rondebosch, Mr. A. D. McCormick, an artist, and Mr. Oscar Eckenstein, a photographer, with a Swiss guide, one Mathias Zurbriggen, and a Goorkha servant of Lieutenant

its fort and garrison of troops, would in no case have been endangered by a mere tribal hostile demonstration; and the European war-ships, sent into that harbour ostensibly to protect foreign residents and their property, may have served rather to aid diplomatic watchfulness lest one foreign Power should pretend to interfere in the affairs of Morocco without consulting the others. The Kasba, or fortress, which commands the town, is powerfully armed with big artillery; and this may be observed as a feature of the scene in its principal battery, where a Moorish officer is reading a Government despatch, announcing the submission of the insurgent tribes.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

There is no recent authentic information of any change in the distressing condition of the central and eastern provinces of Russia, which can hardly be relieved while the winter stoppage of river navigation by the ice prevents the transport of food supplies. The peasantry, in large numbers, have abandoned their homes, and have begun to flock towards the towns, imploring or demanding the means of livelihood. Constant activity on the part of the Government officials and of the military is requisite to disperse gatherings of desperate men threatening to attack property, though it appears that the landowners are generally disposed to give as much as they can afford. The parish priests use all their authority and influence to remonstrate with those who are inclined to acts of violence and outrage. A scene in which one of the clergy is addressing a crowd of famished people and exhorting them to patience has been sketched by our Russian Correspondent. Another illustration of the sad state of the country is the dismal journey of a party of homeless tramps on their road to St. Petersburg, where many thousands have arrived, with a vague hope of seeing the Czar and claiming his personal assistance.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

It would have been remarkable if Count Tolstoi had not incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government by the very frank letters which he has written to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of the Russian famine. Some attempt has been made to dispute the authenticity of this correspondence; but there is decisive testimony that Count Tolstoi deliberately chose an English journal for the free expression of his views. This fact alone might well excite the indignation of the Russian censor, and it is easy to believe that although Count Tolstoi has not been arrested, he is more or less under surveillance. The great point of his letters to the *Daily Telegraph* was his utter incredulity as to the efficacy of the means employed by the Government to cope with the famine. In his judgment, little can be done except by the self-devotion of the landowners. Readers of Count Tolstoi's novels, especially of "Anna Karenina," do not need to be told how rigidly he construes the obligations of a landed proprietor. In his own life he has given the strongest proof of this conscientiousness. Regardless of ease and pleasure, he has worked in the fields like a common peasant. Labour, indeed, may be described as his religion, and it is not surprising that he should command to all the members of his class his own ideal of duty in the calamity which has befallen the Russian people. There is, unhappily, small reason to expect that his example will be widely followed, and the action of the censor indicates the resentment with which Count Tolstoi's gospel of self-denial is viewed by landowning bureaucrats. He would have them forsake cities, and live in the land among the starving peasantry; a form of mortification for which the Russian proprietor has no relish.

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

A few sketches of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, have already been furnished by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, but those now presented show no fresh incidents of political agitation. The Imperial Palace formerly occupied by the late Dom Pedro in the beautiful suburb of San Christobal, and the Botanical Gardens, to which there is easy access by the Botafogo tramway, are familiar to all who have visited that city; one of the notable ornaments of those gardens is the famous avenue of tall palm-trees. Excursions to neighbouring places among the mountains around Rio, as well as on the sea-coast, are performed with much facility by the aid of railways, tramways, and well-made roads, boldly and skilfully constructed, in some places ascending the face of steep cliffs and crossing deep ravines, as in the remarkable instance of "Sylvester's Bridge," which is laid at a declivity of 25 ft. in 100 ft. from the upper to the lower bank. Petropolis, the late Emperor's summer palace, is situated forty miles from Rio, in the Orgaos mountains, 2600 ft. above the sea-level, and is a delightful abode. Tijuca, thirteen miles from the city, with magnificent views, Juiz da Flora, Entre Rios, and the peak of Gavia or the Corcovado, overlooking the bay, are places which every traveller spending a few days at Rio will desire to see. The coffee plantations in the hill country, and the diamond mines at no great distance, may also invite a visit of inspection. The ascent of the Corcovado, to the height of 2196 ft., is aided by a cog-wheel railway from Larangeiras. This ascent is rewarded by a grand prospect of the shores, the sea, and the inland forests and mountains, with the city and its suburbs, which is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world.

THE REYNOLDS CENTENARY.—MASTER PHILIP YORKE.

PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Bruce. Both the Royal Society and Royal Geographical Society assist the expedition by grants.

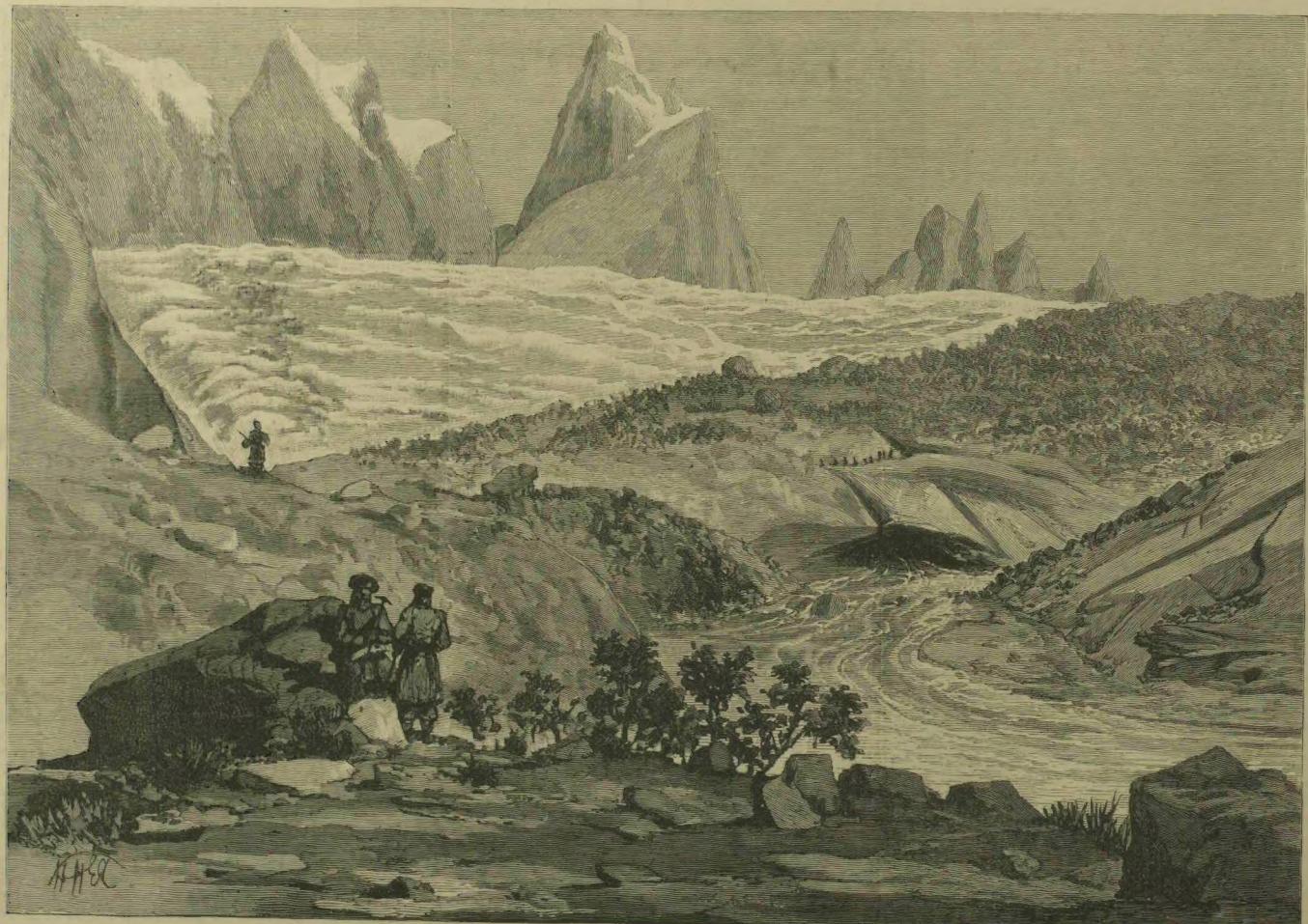
Our Illustrations are from sketches taken by Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Godwin-Austen, who made the survey of this portion of the Himalayas in the summers of 1860 and 1861, and gave a detailed account, with map, in the Royal Geographical Society's Proceedings of 1864. The main glacier is thirty-five miles long, with an average breadth of over one mile. Its tributary ice streams arise on the precipices, gullies, and slopes of peaks that rise to 28,278 ft.; the West Gushebrum Peak, 26,103 ft., and others, on the main Mustakh, nowhere under 19,500 ft. on the northern side. The range to the south is of similar great altitude, with one peak, called Masherbrum, reaching 25,676 ft., and another 25,119 ft. In the lower part of this glacier are numerous moraines, ridges of rock, and lakes of diverse colours, with miniature floating icebergs. The terminal cliff is a mile long and 100 ft. high. Our view of the glacier, with the Gushebrum Peaks at its head, and Mount Godwin-Austen (marked K. 2. in the survey) on the right-hand side, was sketched from a lower spur of Mount Masherbrum. The rate of movement of these Himalayan glaciers has never been observed. It will be examined by Mr. Conway's expedition, with many other details of interest relating to glacial action.

THE REVOLT IN MOROCCO.

The recent insurrection of some tribes in the neighbourhood of Tangier, which seems to have been provoked by the misrule of local officials, has apparently been quieted without actual conflict. There is no immediate apprehension of any general rebellion in the Sultan's dominions, among the wide variety of distinct races inhabiting that large empire, and ruled by provincial petty despots, pashas, kaides, and others, in a rude, unsystematic fashion, only bound to collect a fixed amount of revenue. The city of Tangier, with



THE BALTORO GLACIER, WITH THE GUSHERBRUM PEAKS.
VIEW FROM LOWER SPUR OF MASHERRUM: HIGHEST PEAK 20,103 FEET.



LOWER END OF THE BALTORO GLACIER.

THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF BALSTAN, OR LITTLE THIBET.—SKETCHES BY LIEUT COL. H. H. GODWIN-AUSTEN.

PEN ARTISTS.

English Pen Artists of To-Day. By Charles G. Harper. (Percival and Co., 1892.)—The rapidly increasing recognition of illustration as the necessary accompaniment of both books and newspapers has brought the "pen artists" rapidly to the front. It is scarcely thirty years since "processes" began to invade the domain which had hitherto been held inviolate by wood and metal engravers, in treaty with the lithographers. Since then more perfect methods of facsimile reproduction have from time to time been devised; and photogravure, zincogravure, heliogravure, and a dozen other processes have been brought to a high degree of perfection. It is obvious that in all such processes the work of the original designer is, for better or worse, more accurately reproduced than when he had to be "translated" or vulgarised by the wood-engraver or other artist. Mr. Harper has taken considerable pains to trace the rise and progress of these last comers into the domain of art, and this volume is a very adequate tribute to the talents and qualities of its most important expositors. He gives his judgments on their merits, perhaps, with too dogmatic assurance; but on the whole we must admit the force and soundness of his criticism.

Mr. Harper traces the origin of the modern school of pen artists—a school happily without masters and without traditions—to Fortuny, the Hispano-Parisian, who found this side of his art highly appreciated in America—where Martin Rico, Daniel Vierge, Menzel, and Gerome Ferris have carried the art of illustration to a high pitch. In this country we have nothing in our magazines and newspapers to compare with the dry printing of the De Vinne press of New York—of which the fullness of colour and gradations of tone contrast strongly with the patchy appearance of many of our illustrations. But on the other hand we have a goodly assemblage of artists who will hold their own as illustrators against those of France, Germany, or the United States. Upwards of fifty of these are represented in Mr. Harper's volume—the majority by two or more specimens of their work. Among the

LORD HENRY AND LADY CHARLOTTE SPENCER.

PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

most noteworthy are Mr. Joseph Pennell, who too frequently overvalues peculiarity of technique, the pitfall of many American artists; Mr. Fred Barnard, whose breadth and richness show his appreciation of Gavarni; Gordon Browne, the clever son of "Phiz," but at once more graceful and grotesque; Yates Carrington, the philosophic artist of dogs, and Robert Barnes, the moralist, who has taken up the temperance mission of George Cruikshank, but in a very different spirit. Wholly apart

from this group come the decorative works of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Davis, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Henry Ryland, and Mr. Heywood Sumner—all of whom recognise very strongly the resources of pen-workmanship, and have impressed upon their work the mark of individual talent. Mr. Herbert Railton stands quite in the front rank of those who make architecture picturesque; Mr. Caton Woodville, on the other hand, shows how adaptable the art of pen-drawing is to the vigorous movement of horses and masses of men; while Mr. Hugh Thomson, a worthy member of this triad of magazine illustrators, conveys, even in his most homely groups, a sense of humour and refinement. It is only necessary to refer by name to those who render good service to the more transitory form of illustration in the daily and weekly press; a very slight glance will show that they have lifted their art from the depths of dulness to the level of real and living interests. There are Mr. George Du Maurier, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Harry Furniss, whose work in connection with *Punch* is a perpetual delight to us; and there is Mr. A. Forester, not really an Englishman, it is true, but whose regular appearance in our pages with work of the most exquisite delicacy clearly entitles him to a place in a book of this character.

A word is also due to the publishers of this handsome volume, which, for typography on the one side and reproductions from "zinc" blocks and photogravure plates on the other, leaves little or nothing to be desired.

At a meeting on Monday, Feb. 22, of the Society of Hellenic Studies, in Albemarle Street, the chair was taken by Professor Jebb, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, and a paper was read by Professor Percy Gardner, of Oxford, on the "Chariot Group of the Mausoleum." In the evening of the same day, Mr. Andrew Murray, of the British Museum, delivered his third lecture on Greek classical sculpture at the Royal Academy. The lectures by Miss Eugenie Sellers and Miss Millington Lathbury, on classical archaeology, at the British Museum, will probably be resumed at an early date.



FAMINE-STRICKEN VILLAGERS WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR HOMES ON THE WAY TO ST. PETERSBURG.

"10,000 villagers arrived last week at St. Petersburg, and many more are expected."—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL.

The death of Bishop Oxenden removes one of those prelates whose names are writ large in the history of the Anglican Church in the Colonies. The son of Sir Henry Oxenden, a country squire, Ashton Oxenden was born at Broome Park, Kent, in 1808. At sixteen he went to Harrow, then under the sway of Butler. There one of his intimates was Henry Manning, the lately deceased Cardinal, whose friendship he enjoyed later on at Oxford. At his college, University, the present Lord Sherbrooke was his neighbour, and Mr. Gladstone, then, according to Oxenden, "a hard-reading, quiet, and well-conducted man, but by no means accounted so great a luminary as he has since become"—was among his personal friends. Oxenden took holy orders fifty-nine years ago, and began work in a small Kentish curacy, where Tate and Brady, village instrumentalists, and an old-fashioned clerk largely controlled the services of the church. Oxenden came out as a reformer, changed all this, and prepared the way for more prominent work as rector of Pluckley. From hence he was called in 1869 to the See of Montreal. His stay in the Colonies was not long, but it was a fruitful period for the Anglican Church in Canada. He resigned the see in 1878, and settled down to a country living in Kent. Bishop Oxenden has been a prolific writer, and his little book, "The Pathway of Safety," has attained a circulation which is probably exceeded by few works in any department of theological literature.

The death of Mr. C. A. Fyffe, the author of "The History of Modern Europe," a work which, though not without defects, stands almost alone in its way, is a sad end to a career which had been previously blighted by misfortune. Mr. Fyffe, who was lately Liberal candidate for the East Fifeshire Division, was a man of nervous and sensitive temper, and a shock—*and*, as it turned out, untrue—charge of which he was the victim completely overthrew his physical and mental balance. Mr. Fyffe was very popular at Oxford, and a host of his friends, including the leading heads of colleges, attended at his recent trial to testify to his character. Happily their evidence was not needed. Mr. Fyffe visited many of the battle-fields of modern Europe with a view of obtaining material for his history, and he was war correspondent for the *Daily News* during the Franco-German War, being present in Paris during the siege. He fought an unsuccessful battle in 1885 for the Liberal Party at Oxford.

A memoir of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis has been written by his very old friend Dr. J. G. Brightton, and it will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. in a few days. Dr. Brighton, who is the author of the authoritative "Life" of Sir Provo's old captain of the Shannon, Sir Philip Broke, has been a friend of Sir Provo's for a long period of years.

The death of Sir George Campbell, the member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs, will be keenly felt in the House of Commons, where he was a general favourite, and also among his old colleagues in Anglo-Indian circles. Sir George came to the House with a very great reputation as a successful and even brilliant administrator, and more, perhaps, was expected of him than he succeeded in accomplishing. His knowledge

was both deep and wide, his industry was endless, his public spirit unbounded. But his influence as a member and public man was limited by his habit of much speaking. Sir George had a voice with a certain hard and dry note in it, which, when poured out in a steady stream of talk on every imaginable subject, was apt to exasperate. Sir George's long, gaunt figure and thin, sallow face completed a picture which, though not wanting in interest or even picturesqueness, was not entirely to the fancy of the House. Yet Sir George rarely spoke without taste, knowledge, and suggestion, for the simple reason that he knew something of nearly everything, from Civil Service Estimates to Indian Budgets. He had also strong opinions, a clearly defined political creed, and a Scottish doggedness of purpose. Without, he was one of the truest and in all private relations one of the most lovable of men.

Sir George's earlier career was one of great distinction. The son of Sir George Campbell of Edenvwood, and elder brother of the famous Lord Campbell, he began his Indian experiences at Rohilkund. He was in India during the Mutiny of 1857, witnessed several battles, and was an efficient assistant of the Governor-General, Lord Canning. Then came a long series of appointments, ending with the Chief Commissionership of the Central Provinces, and finally, after a period of furlough, in the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal. In this last capacity Sir George did admirable service in famine periods, and though he threw up his post after three years' service, he left his mark as a deeply sympathetic as well as hardworking and competent administrator. In 1875 he definitely exchanged his Indian life for membership of the Kirkcaldy Burghs, which he has represented, in spite of the Home Rule split, ever since. His main lines in politics have been anti-Jingoism, the protection of native races, and a steady advocacy of Radical politics. He was a vigorous and incessant critic of the Estimates, a strong Home Ruler, and a constant speaker on questions of colonial and foreign interest.

Mr. George Meredith has received a tardy honour from a University. St. Andrews has made him an honorary LL.D. It is extraordinary that no such recognition of services to English literature has been made before. Mr. Meredith is the most scholarly of writers, and his attainments are certainly scarcely inferior to those of Lord Tennyson, who, like the late Mr. Browning, has for long years enjoyed the title of D.C.L. of Oxford. On the other hand, Mr. Meredith is the only English novelist of the century who has thus been graced by any one of the learned bodies. Dickens and Thackeray both died without recognition by any English or Scottish University. Probably, therefore, Mr. Meredith's degree is due to his poetry rather than to the authorship of "Richard Feverel."

The death of Canon Blenkin, Vicar of Boston, removes one of the best known of the parochial clergy. George Beaton Blenkin went up to Corpus, Cambridge, and graduated with something more than respectable honours in classics and mathematics in 1845. After a short experience in a Lincolnshire curacy he was made Vicar of Boston in 1850, where he laboured till his death. In this cure he found ample scope for habits of industry and a spirit of genuine devotion, but his influence was also felt in the diocese at large, and, indeed, throughout his own party in the Church. His Bishop gave him a prebendal stall in 1858, and his University made him a select preacher for 1876-7.

By the death of Sir Henry Cotton the Bench has lost one of its ablest members. The career of this distinguished



THE LATE LORD JUSTICE COTTON.

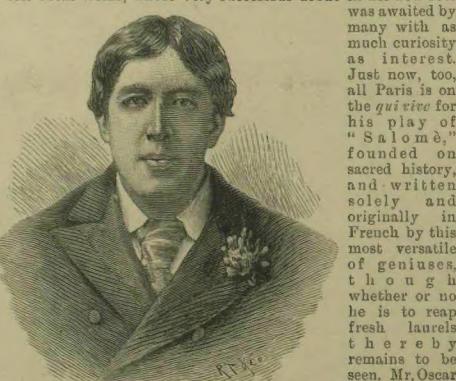
some remarkable cases in the law courts early in his professional life. For sound judgment and acute discrimination Lord Justice Cotton has left behind him few, if any, superiors.

Sir Henry was born at Leytonstone in 1821, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1846. A year or two after becoming a Q.C. he was made standing counsel to the Bank of England. The most notable case in his professional career was that associated with Dr. Hayman's litigation against the Governors of Rugby School. In 1877 Mr. Cotton succeeded Lord Justice Mellish, and henceforth he almost invariably sat in the Chancery Division of the Court of Appeal. The Lord Justice retired at the end of 1890, when the Master of the Rolls, on behalf of the Bench, and the Attorney-General for the Bar, testified their respect and admiration for his personal worth and public capacity.

Mrs. Nye Chart, a name famous in modern theatrical management, died in London on Feb. 23, from heart disease. Mrs. Chart's name and the excellent theatre with which she was identified were familiar as household words in Brighton, where she was the manager and director of the pretty Theatre Royal. During her long association with this place of entertainment it continued to be one of the best managed as well as one of the prettiest and most commodious of provincial theatres, and most of the famous actors and actresses have appeared on its boards. Mrs. Nye Chart had a career as an actress before she set up as a manager, and in her day the name of Miss Nellie Rollason had a wide vogue. Her association with Brighton lasted for twenty-six years.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, who has added to his multifarious labours the responsibilities of chairman of the general committee of the projected Authors' Club, is devoting himself to his new duties with great energy. As it is understood that the site of the club is not yet determined, we would beg Mr. Crawford, in the interests of authors and journalists in general, to reconsider the idea of establishing the club-house in Piccadilly. For the great majority of men who live by the quill this is not a convenient quarter. Their business carries them chiefly between Paternoster Row and Westminster. They are half their time in the Strand. The author who has had a distressing interview with his publisher, and feels that half-an-hour's rest and refreshment in his club may restore his shattered nerves, does not want to toil all the way from Amen Corner to the fashionable pavements of Piccadilly. Let us conjure Mr. Crawford to bethink him of this, and to set up the social palladium of the authors in a more convenient if more Bohemian region.

The latest addition to the noble company of playwrights is Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose very successful débüt in his new rôle



MR. OSCAR WILDE.

the younger son of Sir William Wilde, the celebrated Irish oculist; and of his clever wife, whose *nom de guerre* of "Speranza" will be well remembered by all who have any cognisance or recollection of the Young Ireland movement, but who of late years has turned her attention more to folk-lore than to politics. Mr. Wilde's career has been a varied and a brilliant succession of *tabloids* events, so to speak, from the commencement, as winner of the Newdigate at Oxford and leader of the then infantile aesthetic craze, to his present semi-public position as lecturer, man of fashion, wit, poet, novelist, essayist, and

dramatist all in one. His lecturing tour in America was literally a species of royal progress, even "God Save the Queen" being played to mark his entry into a ball-room. Perhaps his most remarkable attribute, after his mastery of paradox and skill in epigram, is the imperturbable and courtly serenity which characterises his every speech and action. Mr. Wilde was married, some eight years ago, to Miss Constance Lloyd, daughter of Mr. Horace Lloyd, and is the father of two very beautiful boys. His house in Tite Street, Chelsea, was decorated by the late Mr. Godwin, and is, with its subtle harmonies of green and blue, its peacock-like charm of colouring, and quaint, old-world furniture, strangely in consonance with the spirit of modern art and its somewhat *fin-de-siècle* occupier.

A very full and, on the whole, admiring house greeted the production of Mr. Oscar Wilde's play ("Lady Windermere's Fan") at the St. James's Theatre the other evening, and never did audience at a *première* appear less brilliantly attired. It may be that the stage dresses, which certainly were miracles of fine colour and distinction, threw everything else a little into the shade; it may be that the recent sad necessity for mourning garments has pushed aside the instinct for pretty gowns. Certainly, with few exceptions the feminine portion of the assemblage was gowned wisely, maybe, but decidedly not too well. However, there were bright spots here and there. Mrs. Bram Stoker wore a wonderful evening wrap of striped brocade with "thousand rare encouragements." Mrs. Oscar Wilde looked charming in her pale-blue brocade gown, made after the fashion of Charles the First's time, with its long tabbed bodice, slashed sleeves, and garniture of old lace and pearls. Mrs. Jopling-Roe was becomingly arrayed in shrimp-pink, lightly accented with black. Some of the other wearers of pleasing toilettes were Mrs. Piner, Miss Julia Neilson, and Miss Florence Terry. Among those present were Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Campbell-Praed, Mr. Bancroft, Mrs. Hare, Mr. Charles Matthews, Mr. Underwick, Dr. Playfair, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Oswald Crawford, to say nothing of whole rows of critics and other notabilities of the pen and pencil. Miss Marion Terry's gowns were beautiful beyond words: the ball-dress in the second act was rich white-and-gold brocade of Arabian Nights-like splendour, but very simply made, with a closely fitting, pointed golden girdle and a cloud of white ostrich and lilies-of-the-valley about the corsage. Her bonnet in this scene was of marvellous violet and white orchids. The graceful grey corduroy walking-gown which Miss Terry wore in the fourth act was not less becoming to her; like the first, it was of Princess build, but with elaborate garniture of fine steel, flowing in glittering ripples from shoulder to waist, from waist to hem. The little grey and black bonnet to match is the most *espagnole* headgear imaginable. Miss Lily Hanbury wears a pale primrose tea-gown of lace and silk, with a Watteau pleat, in the first act; a light-blue satin ball-gown embroidered with gold and spangles in the second and third, and a delightful confection of chestnut-brown velvet and salmon-pink cashmere in the fourth.

In our last issue only brief reference could be made to the late Mr. Bates's important and distinctive contribution to

biology in his explanation of the meaning of the likenesses which exist between insects belonging to different groups. During his eleven years' sojourn on the banks of the Amazons, Mr. Bates had observed that certain nansones butterflies—their nansones taste securing them immunity from their foes—are closely "mimicked" by a family of which our common white butter.



THE LATE MR. H. W. BATES, F.R.S.

Bates are representatives, and he explained that these mimicking features have been brought about by the operation of "natural selection," thus further corroborating Mr. Darwin's famous theory as to what is the prime agent in the modification of species. That is to say, whenever any insects possessed some variation which secured them against detection by their enemies, they would have an advantage over other members of the species which lacked these variations, and, therefore, would survive to transmit these advantages to their offspring. Bates's observations set other naturalists on the track, with the result of discovering a surprising number of mimetic forms, chiefly among insects, on account of their generally defenceless character and enormous fertility. Caterpillars are found resembling snakes; moths coloured and veined like lichen or the fallen leaves on which they lie motionless; hunting-spiders are found resembling flower buds; then there are the well-known examples of the leaf and walking-stick insects, to say nothing of larger animals, as of snakes like tree branches. Of course, "mimicry" does not imply any conscious imitation; it is a convenient term for resemblances, which, in the degree that they are protective or helpful, give advantages in the struggle for life to the individuals possessing them.

Mr. Bates's contribution on this subject was published in the Linnaean Society's "Transactions" in 1862, and the high value set upon it is shown in Darwin's letters, printed in the "Life and Letters," II, 378, 391. Some delightful examples of mimicry are given in "The Naturalist on the Amazon," of which book Darwin's praise was unstinted. In an unpublished letter to Bates, he says, "It is the best book of its class: whether the public approve highly or not, I am sure I shall not change my opinion." Altogether, the death of this learned and lovable man has made an irreparable gap in the thinning ranks of philosophical naturalists whose breadth of view has saved them from the narrowness of specialism.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Fradelle and Young, 246, Regent Street, for our portrait of the late Sir George Campbell; to Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, for that of the late Mr. H. W. Bates; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, for that of the late Lord Justice Cotton; and to Messrs. Downey, of Ebury Street, for that of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen and Court left the Isle of Wight on Feb. 23 for Windsor, crossing the Solent in the royal yacht Alberta. The Queen disembarked at the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport, with the strictest privacy. The ships in Portsmouth Harbour were, by command, without the customary dressing, and all bands and bugles were silent. On disembarking, her Majesty at once entered the royal train, and resumed the journey to Windsor. The Duke of Connaught was present at the disembarkation. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Henry of Battenburg and her children, reached Windsor at ten minutes to two o'clock in "Queen's weather"—the sun shining brightly.

After a brief visit to the Queen at Windsor, says *Truth*, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, proceed to the South of France. Their plans are quite unsettled, but the Princess and her daughters are likely to be absent from England for several months. On leaving the Riviera, they will proceed through North Italy and the Tyrol to Grunen, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and then to Copenhagen, where they are to arrive about the third week in May.

The Duchess of Albany's visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Eastbourne was brought to a close on Feb. 23, after which the Duchess left for London, and thence for Windsor, on a visit to the Queen.

The Princess Victoria Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, has been very ill, but is now progressing favourably.

Public business in the House of Commons has been rather chequered. Mr. Balfour's Irish Local Government Bill was received by the Opposition with vociferous contumely. The Government propose to set up County Councils and District Councils in Ireland, under the supervision, in all financial matters, of committees composed of members of the County Councils and of the grand juries. The strongest objection was aimed at the proviso for the prosecution of a County Council charged with corruption or oppression before two judges of assize, who, if they think fit, may dissolve the offending body, and the Lord Lieutenant will then appoint another in its place. This safeguard of minorities will probably be modified, and there is little disposition in any quarter to stand by the cumulative vote which Mr. Balfour also proposes in the interests of Irish Protestants.

Mr. Jackson's Irish Education Bill had a better reception, and Mr. Chaplin's Small Holdings Bill was greeted even by the Opposition with fair words. Mr. Chaplin would endow County Councils in England and Scotland with powers to purchase land to be sold or let to labourers or small farmers. No holding is to be less than one acre or to exceed fifty acres. The money is to be borrowed from the State at 3½ per cent., and buyers of land from the County Council are to get it on easy terms. The scheme is generally admitted to be well conceived, but the Opposition complains that it is impaired by the absence of compulsion on the landowners to sell. Mr. Jackson's Bill provides for the compulsory school attendance of about a hundred and thirty thousand Irish children, and the augmentation of teachers' salaries. Some day Parliament may be relieved from the bogey of the illiterate Irish vote.

Sir William Harcourt has had some lively adventures. His absence from the House when Mr. Redmond challenged the Liberal leaders to define their Home Rule policy excited much curiosity as to his movements. He explained that he had gone home on the occasion in question, and that he reserved the right to speak when he thought fit. Mr. Balfour assured the members of the Constitutional Club that Sir William and his friends were in a disastrous dilemma; but there are so many dilemmas about that I find it difficult to allot them to their respective owners.

Wales has put in a modest plea for a little Parliamentary attention. The Welsh members complained of the appointment of a County Court judge who could not speak their native tongue, and came within twenty-three votes of defeating the Government. On the other hand, a motion in favour of Welsh Disestablishment was rejected by a majority of forty-seven.

Some pleasantries have passed between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bryce. A statement by Mr. Bryce caused Mr. Chamberlain to dip into the professor's "ponderous, but generally accurate work" on the American Commonwealth. The dispute was noteworthy for two incidental humours. First, Mr. Swift McNeill thought it necessary to rush into the *Times* to defend Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Bryce's defence went astray in the post, and appeared a day late. To have been left for an entire day under the protection of Mr. Swift McNeill may have seemed harder to Mr. Bryce than Mr. Chamberlain's attack.

A large number of M.P.s do not purpose to seek re-election. Of these, 59 are Conservatives, 13 Liberal Unionists, 18 Gladstonians, and 7 Nationalists. These gentlemen seem to trouble the party Whips by their indifference to the labours of the dying Parliament, and there is consequently a curious fluctuation in the division lists.

Mr. Plimsoll continues to favour the Labour Commission with some remarkable statements about the food supplied to sailors. He says that one storekeeper told him of a barrel of salt beef which had been in stock for twenty years. Whether it eventually went on board ship as rations, I do not know. Mr. Plimsoll makes a strong point by showing that, while there is a rigorous inspection of meat shipped as cargo, nobody thinks it worth while to inspect the provisions shipped for the crews.

Lord Spencer has appealed for funds for the projected memorial to the late Bishop Magee. This is to take the form of a tomb with a recumbent figure in Peterborough Cathedral. At present, out of the £800 required, the committee have received something less than £600.

The action brought by Mr. Charles Lowe against the *Times* disclosed some interesting matters. Mr. Lowe was for many years Berlin correspondent of the *Times*. He took objection to some points in the management of that journal, and received six months' notice to vacate his post. His plea in bringing the action was that he ought to have had twelve months, but this was not sustained in court. There was really nothing to show that Mr. Lowe had suffered injustice by this mode of terminating his engagement; he lost his action for wrongful dismissal, and the lesson that it is unwise to lecture the gentlemen who make thunder in Printing-House Square must by this time have made itself apparent to him.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Lidderdale ought to strike every novelist with despair at the poverty of his invention. What writer of fiction would have thought of letting

his hero be kidnapped almost on the morning of his wedding, and carried off by a female buccaneer in a yacht? I do not say that this has happened to Mr. Lidderdale, or that the owner of the yacht in which he is said to have died has smuggled him away. But the affair suggests the romantic turn which any newspaper reporter can now give it, though no such thing ever entered the heads of the ladies and gentlemen whose business it is to invent stories for our amusement. Mr. Lidderdale may be on the high seas with his fair captor, or he may be in Davy Jones's locker. Anyway, he is the hero of an uncommon adventure.

Although the overthrow of the French Cabinet on Feb. 18 was unexpected, it did not cause much surprise. For some time it was known that a dead set would be made against the Ministry of M. de Freycinet as soon as occasion arose. The Bill on Associations gave M. Clémenceau the opportunity he was waiting for, and he made use of it with great skill. The Monarchists could not refrain from joining in an attack on the Ministers they hated, and the result was that M. de Freycinet's Cabinet was beaten on a religious question by a combination of Clericals and of Anti-Clericals fighting side by side. This is how it occurred. When the Bill on Associations came up for discussion the Radicals demanded that urgency should be declared, which means that, had the motion been agreed to, the second reading would have been dispensed with. M. de Freycinet did not object to the motion of urgency, but plainly stated that the Bill was not considered by the Government as the first step towards the separation of Church and State. He asked the Chamber to give the Ministry a vote of confidence, and a resolution to that effect was rejected by the combined efforts of the Radicals, who thought the Bill did not go far enough, and of the Clericals, who thought it went too far. On the result of the vote being proclaimed the Ministers withdrew, and placed their resignations in the hands of President Carnot, who, since Feb. 19, has been interviewing all the politicians who are likely to be

committed by German non-commissioned officers, and the military authorities have declined to modify the present state of things, so that nothing will be done, at least, for the present. But some day the Emperor may think it advisable, in view of the increasing Socialist propaganda, to turn his attention to a subject of which political capital may easily be made by his adversaries, and should that day come, a prompt reform would very soon follow.

In Africa, the condition of things leaves much to be desired, if Herr Eugen Wolf, the African explorer and correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, is to be believed. According to Herr Wolf, the civil administration of Baron von Soden has, from the very beginning, produced considerable discontent among the natives; in addition to that, it has caused friction among the experienced officers of the colony, all of whom resigned, and were replaced by young military officers from Germany. As to the system of taxation introduced by the Civil Governor, it has dissatisfied everybody—merchants, planters, missionaries, and natives. Such is the picture drawn by Herr Wolf, whose charges against Baron von Soden created a great sensation in Berlin, and caused his expulsion from German East Africa. On Feb. 22 the matter was made the subject of an interpellation in the Reichstag, when Herr Rickett asked on what grounds Herr Wolf had been expelled. On behalf of the colonial section of the Foreign Office, Dr. Kayser replied that Herr Wolf had been expelled because he had accused Baron von Soden of reporting that which he knew not to be the truth. Dr. Kayser added that punitive expeditions would be abandoned, and that diplomatic means would be resorted to to push into the interior and establish strong stations as bases for future developments. So it would seem that, by exposing the system which led to the disaster to Lieutenant von Zelewski's expedition, Herr Wolf did some good after all.

It was rumoured a few days ago in Germany that negotiations were in progress between the German Government and the Duke of Cumberland on the subject of the Guelph Fund, which it was proposed to hand over to the province of Hanover, and of the Duke's abandonment of his claim to the throne of Hanover, in exchange for which he was to be offered the Duchy of Brunswick. I doubt whether this is correct, and I fail to see why the Duke of Cumberland should agree to such an arrangement.

On Feb. 22 the Emperor of Austria was present at the opening of the Hungarian Reichstag at Budapest, and delivered a speech which was almost wholly devoted to matters of domestic policy. His Majesty, however, made a passing allusion to his relations with foreign Powers, which are most satisfactory, and gave it to understand that he had confidence in the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

It may be remembered that last year an attempt to wreck the Imperial train was made at Rosenthal, a station between Prague and Reichenberg, by means of a dynamite explosion. Three men have been arrested on suspicion of being the authors of the attempt. They are Czechs, who were overheard discussing the Rosenthal outrage in an inn by some men who gave information to the authorities.

In East Russia and in the government of Omsk spotted typhus is raging with such violence that at Ekaterinburg some streets have been quite closed. The epidemic, curiously enough, is more virulent in regions well supplied with food than in the famine-stricken districts. Doctors have been sent from St. Petersburg, and special measures have been adopted to stamp out the disease. As a result of the distress caused by the famine, the peasants in several districts have been compelled to sell their stock, and in order to supply the deficiency of horses the Superintendent of the Imperial Stud has given orders for the purchase of 30,000 horses in the Khirgiz steppes.

The financial situation of Greece is not as satisfactory as it might be, and calls for prompt remedy. M. Delyannis, in order to meet the national obligations, has proposed certain measures which are now being discussed. He proposes an increase of 15 per cent. in Customs duties on all imported articles, with the exception of sugar and cotton goods of coarse quality, and an increased duty on cereals. These will, it is expected, yield an additional revenue of six million drachmas, and an equal sum will be produced by the concession of the tobacco monopoly.

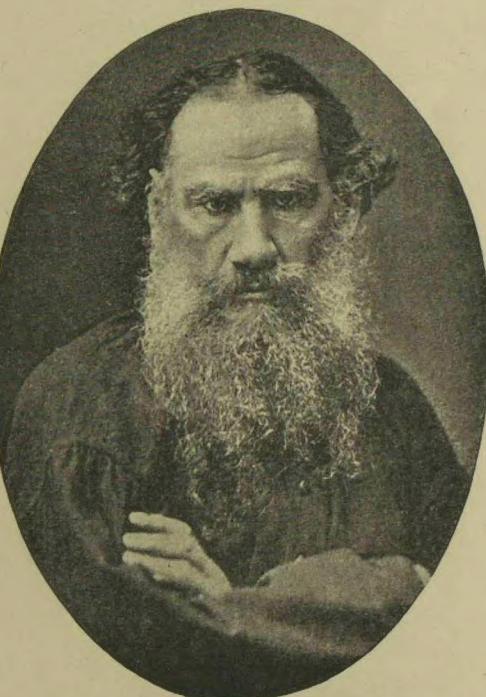
About two years ago, when M. Delyannis and his party came to power, it was resolved to impeach the former Minister, M. Tricoupi, for various acts of alleged maladministration. In a classical country like Greece justice must necessarily be slow, and it was only on Feb. 22 that the Chamber of Deputies had the matter submitted to them, when the Premier, M. Delyannis, asked his supporters to acquit his predecessor, which was done by seventy-one votes against fourteen.

Very good news comes from Roumania to the effect that the numerous groups into which the Chamber of Deputies was split up will now be consolidated into two compact parties. It is bad enough to remember the names of the various groups and subdivisions of groups of the Parliaments of great countries, but when it comes to the smaller European States the task becomes wellnigh impossible. Now, I am happy to say, there are only two parties in Roumania—the Conservatives, who are in a majority and the Opposition. The strength of the former party in the Lower House is 151, and that of the Opposition 32, according to the result of the recent elections.

Madame Karaveloff, Madame Georgieff, and Madame Orochakoff, who were accused of having addressed a petition to the foreign Consuls at Sofia requesting them to use their influence with the Government of M. Stambonoff to procure the immediate trial or release of M. Karaveloff and others now in prison on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of M. Beltschoff, were tried on Feb. 22 at Sofia, and acquitted. There is wisdom in that judicial decision.

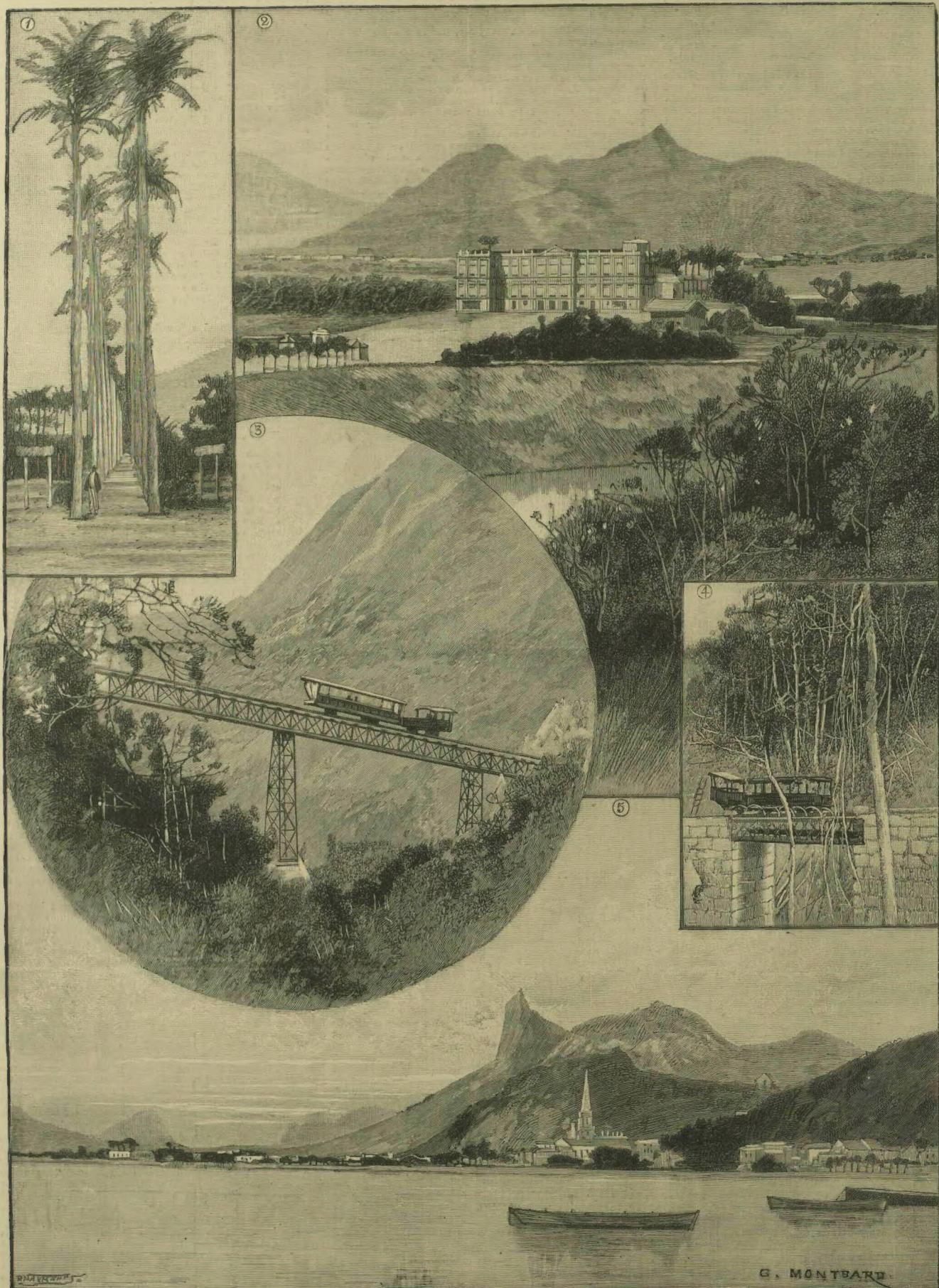
The prosperity of Egypt under British administration is not to be denied. From the report of Mr. Elwin Palmer on the financial situation, it appears that the most sanguine expectations of the Ministers of the Khedive have been surpassed. The revenue for 1891 was £10,900,000, and the expenditure £9,800,000, which leaves a handsome and unprecedented surplus of £1,100,000.

Three years ago, very few people knew what and where was Mashonaland, and there was no such place as Fort Salisbury. Now both names are familiar to the ordinary newspaper reader, who, however, is only dimly aware of the fact that Fort Salisbury lies in the heart of the Black Continent, some 1200 miles north-east of Cape Town. Since Feb. 17 Fort Salisbury has been in telegraphic communication with the Cape and, as a matter of course, with London.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

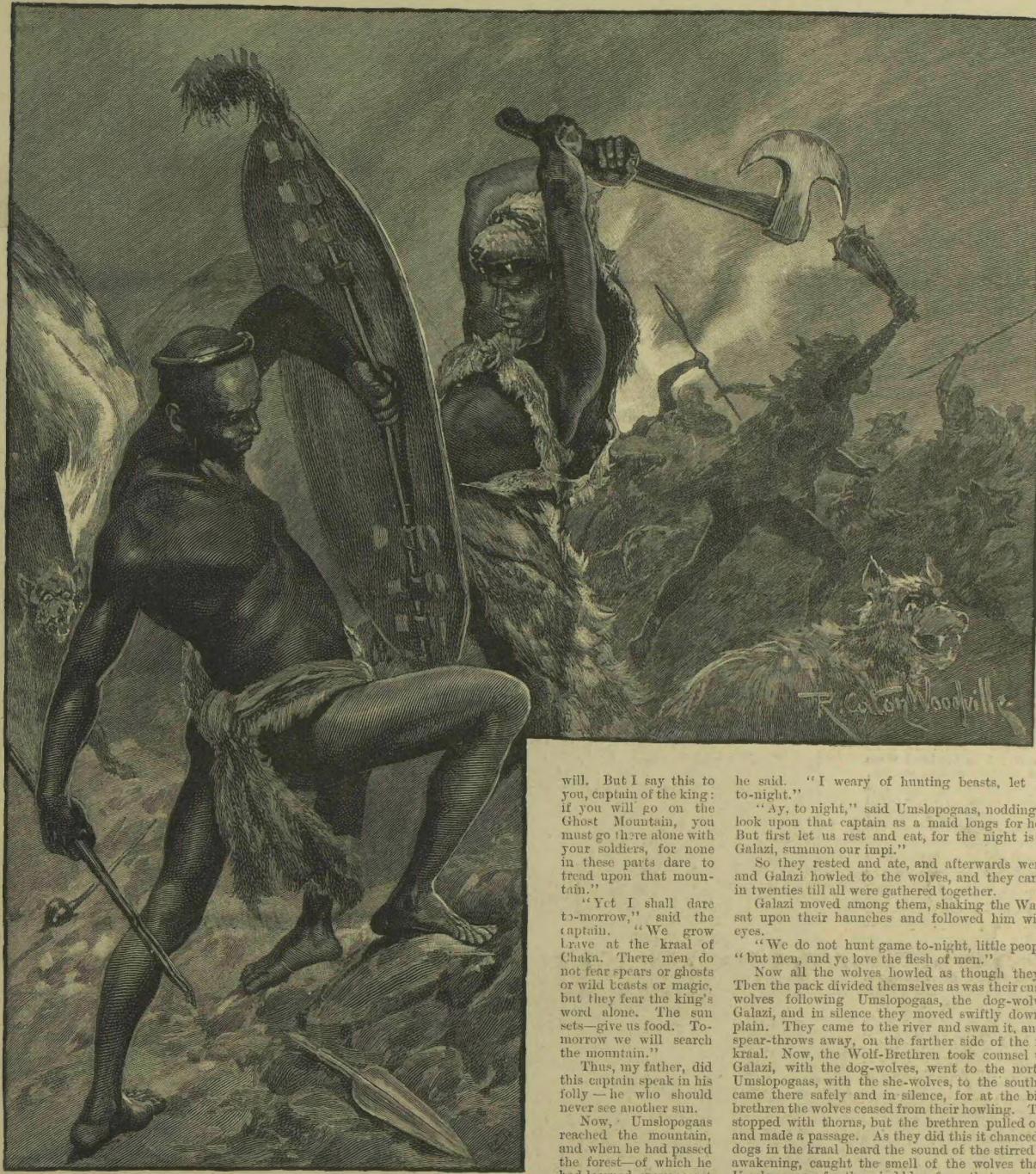
See "Our Illustrations."



1. Avenue of Palms, Botanical Gardens, Rio de Janeiro. 2. Imperial Palace, San Christobal, Rio de Janeiro. 3. Sylvester's Bridge. 4. Railroad from Corcovado. 5. Botafogo.

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

G. MONTBARD.



Umslopogaas smote as he rushed, and the blade of the great spear that was lifted to pierce him fell to the ground hewn from its haft.

NADA THE LILY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATH OF THE KING'S SLAYERS.

When Umslopogaas heard these words his heart was heavy, and a great anger burned in his breast, for he thought that I, Mopo, was dead with the rest of his house, and he loved me. But he said nothing; only, watching till none were looking, he slipped past the backs of the captains and won the door of the hut. Soon he was clear of the kraal, and running swiftly, crossed the river and came to the Ghost Mountain. Meanwhile, the captain asked the headman of the kraal if he knew anything of such a youth as him for whom they sought. The headman told the captain of Galazi the Wolf, but the captain said that this could not be he, for Galazi had dwelt many moons upon the Ghost Mountain.

"There is another youth," said the headman; "a stranger, fierce and strong and tall, with eyes that shine like spears. He is in the hut now; he sits yonder in the shadow."

The captain rose and looked into the shadow, but Umslopogaas was gone.

"Now, this youth is dead," said the headman, "and yet none saw him fly! Perhaps he also is a wizard! Indeed, I have heard that now there are two of them upon the Ghost Mountain, and that they hunt there at night with the ghost-wolves, but I do not know if it is true."

"Now, I am minded to slay you," said the captain in wrath, "because you have suffered this youth to escape me! Without doubt it is Umslopogaas, son of Mopo."

"It is no fault of mine," said the headman. "These young men are wizards, who can pass hither and thither at

answer, and presently that great wolf Deathgrip came to him. Umslopogaas saw him and called him by his name; but, behold! the brute did not know him, and flew at him, growling. Then Umslopogaas remembered that the she-wolf's skin was not bound about his shoulders, and therefore it was that the wolf Deathgrip knew him not. For though in the daytime, when the wolves slept, he might pass to and fro without the skin, at night it was not so. He had not brought the skin, because he must not wear it in the sight of the men of the kraal, lest they should know him for one of the Wolf-Brethren, and it had not been his plan to seek the mountain again that night, but rather on the morrow. Now Umslopogaas knew that his danger was great indeed. He beat back Deathgrip with his kerrie, but others were behind him, for the wolves gathered fast. Then he bounded away towards the cave, and he was so swift of foot that the wolves could not catch him, though they pressed him hard, and once the teeth of one of them tore his moccas. Never before did he run so fast, and in the end he reached the cave and rolled the rock to, and as he did so the wolves dashed themselves against it. Then he clad himself in the hide of the she-wolf, and, pushing aside the stone, came out. And, lo! the eyes of the wolves were opened, and they knew him for one of the brethren who ruled over them, and slunk away at his bidding.

Now, Umslopogaas sat himself down at the mouth of the cave waiting for Galazi, and he thought. Presently Galazi came, and in a few words Umslopogaas told him all his tale.

"You have run a great risk, my brother," said Galazi.

"What now?"

"This," said Umslopogaas: "these people of ours are hungry for the blood of men; let us feed them full on the soldiers of Chaka, who sit yonder at the kraal seeking my life. I would take vengeance for Mopo, my father, and all my brethren who are dead, and for my mothers, the wives of Mopo. What say you?"

Galazi laughed aloud. "That will be merry, my brother!"

will. But I say this to you, captain of the king: if you will go on the Ghost Mountain, you must go there alone with your soldiers, for none in these parts dare to tread upon that mountain."

"Yet I shall dare to-morrow," said the captain. "We grow brave at the kraal of Chaka. There men do not fear spears or ghosts or wild beasts or magic, but they fear the king's word alone. The sun sets—give us food. Tomorrow we will search the mountain."

Thus, my father, did this captain speak in his folly—he who should never see another sun.

Now, Umslopogaas reached the mountain, and when he had passed the forest—of which he had learned every secret way—the darkness gathered, and the wolves awoke in the darkness and drew near howling. Umslopogaas howled in

he said. "I weary of hunting beasts, let us hunt men to-night."

"Ay, to night," said Umslopogaas, nodding. "I long to look upon that captain as a maid longs for her lover's kiss. But first let us rest and eat, for the night is young; then, Galazi, summon our impi."

So they rested and ate, and afterwards went out armed, and Galazi howled to the wolves, and they came in tens and in twenties till all were gathered together.

Galazi moved among them, shaking the Watcher, as they sat upon their haunches and followed him with their fiery eyes.

"We do not hunt game to-night, little people," he cried, "but men and ye love the flesh of men."

Now all the wolves howled as though they understood. Then the pack divided themselves as was their custom, the she-wolves following Umslopogaas, the dog-wolves following Galazi, and in silence they moved swiftly down towards the plain. They came to the river and swam it, and there, eight spear-throws away, on the farther side of the river was the kraal. Now, the Wolf-Brethren took counsel together, and Galazi, with the dog-wolves, went to the north gate, and Umslopogaas, with the she-wolves, to the south gate. They came there safely and in silence, for at the bidding of the brethren the wolves ceased from their howling. The gates were stopped with thorns, but the brethren pulled out the thorns and made a passage. As they did this it chanced that certain dogs in the kraal heard the sound of the stirred boughs, and, awakening, caught the smell of the wolves that were with Umslopogaas, for the wind blew from that quarter. The dogs ran out barking, and presently they came to the south gate of the kraal, and flew at Umslopogaas, who pulled away the thorns. Now, when the wolves saw the dogs they could be restrained no longer, but sprang on them and tore them to fragments, and the sound of their worrying came to the ears of the soldiers of Chaka and of the dwellers in the kraal, so that they sprang from sleep, snatching their arms. And as they came out of the huts they saw in the moonlight a man wearing a wolf's hide rushing across the empty cattle kraal, for the grass was long and the cattle were out at graze, and with him countless wolves, black and grey. Then they cried aloud in terror, saying that the ghosts were on them, and turned to flee to the north gate of the kraal. But, behold! here also they met a man clad in a wolf's skin, and with him countless wolves, black and grey. Now, some flung themselves to earth screaming in their fear, and some strove to run away, but the greater part of the soldiers, and with them some of the men of the kraal, came together in knots, being minded to die like men at the teeth of the ghosts, and that though they shook with fear. Then Umslopogaas howled aloud, and howled Galazi, and they flung themselves upon the soldiers and the people of the kraal, and with them came the wolves. Then a crying and a baying rose up to heaven as the grey wolves leaped and bit and tore. Little they heeded the spears and kerries of the soldiers. Some were killed, but the rest did not stay. Presently the knots of men broke up, and to each man wolves hung by two and three, dragging him to earth. Some few fled, indeed, but the wolves hunted them by gaze and scent, and pulled them down before they passed the gates of the kraal.

The Wolf-Brethren also ravened with the rest. Busy was the Watcher, and many bowed beneath him, and often the spear of Umslopogaas flashed in the moonlight. It was finished; none were left living in that kraal, and the wolves growled sullenly as they took their fill, they who had been hungry for many days. Now the brethren met, and laughed in their wolf joy, because they had slaughtered those who were sent out to slaughter. They called to the wolves, bidding them search the huts, and the wolves entered the huts as dogs enter a thicket, and killed those who lurked there, ordove them forth to be slain without. Presently a man, great and tall, sprang from the last of the huts, where he had hidden himself, and the wolves outside rushed on him to drag

him down. But Umslopogaas beat them back, for he had seen the face of the man: it was that captain whom Chaka had sent out to kill him. He beat them back, and stalked up to the captain, saying: "Greeting to you, captain of the king! Now tell me what is your errand here, beneath the shadow of her who sits in stone?" and he pointed with his spear to the grey Witch on the Ghost Mountain, on which the moon shone bright.

Now, the captain had a great heart, though he had hidden from the wolves, and answered boldly—

"What is that to you, wizard? Your ghost-wolves have made an end of my errand. Let them make an end of me also."

"Be not in haste, captain," said Umslopogaas. "Say, did you not seek a certain youth, the son of Mopo?"

"That is so," answered the captain. "I sought one youth, and I have found many evil spirits," and he looked at the wolves tearing their prey, and shuddered.

"Slay, captain," quoth Umslopogaas, drawing back his hood of wolf's hide so that the moonlight fell upon his face, "is this the face of that youth whom you sought?"

"It is the face," answered the captain, astonished.

"Ay," laughed Umslopogaas, "it is the face. Fool! I knew your errand and heard your words, and thus have I answered them," and he pointed to the dead. Now, choose, and swiftly. Will you run for your life against my wolves? Will you do battle for your life against these four?" and he pointed to Greysnout and to Blackfang, to Blood and to Deathgrip, who watched him with slavering lips; "or will you stand face to face with me, and if I am slain, with him who bears the club, and with whom I rule this people black and grey?"

"I fear ghosts, but of men I have no fear, though they be wizards," answered the captain.

"Good!" cried Umslopogaas, shaking his spear.

Then they rushed together, and that fray was fierce. For presently the spear of Umslopogaas was broken in the shield of the captain and he was left weaponless. Now, Umslopogaas turned and fled swiftly, bounding over the dead and the wolves who preyed upon them, and the captain followed with uplifted spear, and mocked him as he came. Galazi also wondered that Umslopogaas should fly from a single man. Hither and thither fled Umslopogaas, and always his eyes were on the earth. Of a sudden, Galazi, who watched, saw him sweep forward like a bird and stoop to the ground. Then he wheeled round, and lo! in his hand there was an axe. The captain rushed at him, and Umslopogaas smote as he rushed, and the blade of the great spear that was lifted to pierce him fell to the ground hewn from its haft. Again Umslopogaas smote: the moon-shaped axe sank through the stout shield deep into the breast beyond. Then the captain threw up his arms and sank to the earth.

"Ah!" cried Umslopogaas, "you sought a youth to slay him, and have found an axe to be slain by it! Sleep softly, captain of Chaka."

Then Umslopogaas spoke to Galazi, saying: "My brother, I will fight no more with the spear, but with the axe alone; it was to seek an axe that I ran to and fro like a coward. But this is a poor thing! See, the haft is split because of the greatness of my stroke! Now, this is my desire—to win that great axe of Jikiza, which is called Groan-Maker, of which we have heard tell, so that axe and club may stand together in the fray."

"That must be for another night," said Galazi. "We have not done so ill for once. Now, let us search for pots and corn, of which we stand in need, and then to the mountain before dawn find us."

Thus, then, did the Wolf-Brethren bring death on the impi of Chaka, and this was but the first of many deaths that they wrought with the help of the wolves. For ever they ravened through the land at night, and, falling on those they hated, they ate them up, till their name and the name of the ghost-wolves became terrible in the ears of men, and the land was swept clean. But they found that the wolves would not go abroad to worry everywhere. Thus, on a certain night, they set out to fall upon the kraals of the People of the Axe, where dwelt the chief Jikiza, who was named the Unconquered, and owned the axe Groan-Maker, but when they neared the kraal the wolves turned back and fled. Then Galazi remembered that dream which he had dreamed, in which the Dead One in the cave had seemed to speak, telling him that there only where the men-eaters had hunted in the past might the wolves hunt to-day. So they returned again, but Umslopogaas set himself to find a plan to win the axe.

CHAPTER XVI.

UMSLOPOGAAS VENTURES OUT TO WIN THE AXE.

Now, many moons had gone by since Umslopogaas became a king of the wolves, and he was a man full grown, a man fierce and tall and keen; a slayer of men, fleet of foot and of colour unspotted, seeing by night as well as by day. But he was not yet named the Slaughterer, and not yet did he hold that iron Chieftainship, the axe Groan-Maker. Still, this was foremost in his mind, to win the axe; for no woman had entered there, who when she enters drives out all other desire—ay, my father, even that of good weapons. At times, indeed, Umslopogaas would lurk in the reeds by the river looking at the kraal of Jikiza the Unconquered, and would watch the gates of his kraal, and once as he lurked he saw a man great and broad and hairy, who bore upon his shoulder a shining axe, hilted with the horn of a rhinoceros. After that his greed for this axe entered into Umslopogaas more and more, till at length he scarcely

could sleep for thinking of it, and to Galazi he spoke of little else, wearying him much with his talk. But for all his longing he could find no means to win it.

Now, it befell that as Umslopogaas lurked one evening in the reeds, watching the kraal of Jikiza, he saw a maiden straight and fair, whose skin shone like the copper anklets on her limbs. She walked slowly on towards the reeds where he lay hid. Now did she stop at the brink of the reeds; she entered them and sat herself down within a spear's length of where Umslopogaas lay hid, and at once began to weep, speaking to herself as she wept.

"Would that the ghost-wolves might fall on him and all that is his," she sobbed, "ay, and on Masilo also! I would bound them on, even if myself I must next know their fangs. Better to die by the teeth of the wolves than to be sold to this fat pig of a Masilo. Oh! if I must wed him,

"That is so, maiden," answered Umslopogaas, looking at her beauty. "What were the words upon your lips as to Jikiza and a certain Masilo? Were they not fierce words, such as my heart likes well?"

"It seems that you heard them," answered the girl. "What need to waste breath in speaking them again?"

"No need, maiden. Now, tell me your story; perhaps I may find a way to help you."

"There is little to tell," she answered. "It is a small tale and a common. My name is Zinita, and Jikiza the Unconquered is my step-father. He married my mother, who is dead, but none of his blood is in me. Now, he would give me in marriage to a certain Masilo—a fat man and an old, whom I hate—because Masilo offers many cattle for me."

"Is there, then, another whom you would wed, maiden?" asked Umslopogaas.

"There is none," answered Zinita, looking in his eyes.

"And is there no path by which you may escape from Masilo?"

"There is only one path, Wolf-Man—by death. If I die, I shall escape; if Masilo dies, I shall escape; but to little end, for I shall be given to another; but if Jikiza dies, then it will be well. What of that wolf-peoples of yours, are they not hungry, Wolf-Man?"

"I may not bring them here," answered Umslopogaas. "Is there no other way?"

"There is another way," said Zinita, "if one can be found to try it," and again she looked at him strangely, causing the blood to beat within him. "Hearken! do you not know how our people are governed? They are governed by him who holds the axe Groan-Maker. He that can win the axe in war from the hand of him who holds it, he shall be our chief. But if he who holds the axe dies unconquered, then his son takes his place and with it the axe. It has been thus, indeed, for four generations, since he who held Groan-Maker has always been unconquerable. But I have heard this, that the great-grandfather of Jikiza won the axe from him who held it in his day; he won it by fraud. For when the axe had fallen on him but lightly, he fell over, feigning death. Then the owner of the axe laughed, and turned to walk away. But the forefather of Jikiza sprang up behind him and pierced him through with a spear, and thus became chief of the People of the Axe. Therefore, it is the custom of Jikiza to hew off the heads of those whom he kills with the axe."

"Does he, then, slay many?" asked Umslopogaas.

"Of late years, few indeed," she said, "for none dare stand against him—no, not with all to win. For, holding the axe Groan-Maker, he is unconquerable, and to fight with him is sure death. Fifty-and-one have tried in all, and before the hut of Jikiza there are piled fifty-and-one white skulls. And know this, the axe must be won in fight; if it is stolen or found, it has no virtue—nay, it brings shame and death to him who holds it."

"How, then, may a man give battle to Jikiza?" he asked again.

"Thus: Once in every year, on the first day of the new moon of the summer season, Jikiza holds a meeting of the headmen. Then he must rise and challenge all or any to come forward and do battle with him to win the axe and become chief in his place. Now, if one comes forward, they go into the cattle kraal, and there the matter is ended. Afterwards, when the head is hewn from his foe, Jikiza goes back to the meeting of the headmen, and they talk as before. All are free to come to the meeting, and Jikiza must fight with them if they will it, whoever they be."

"Perhaps I shall be there," said Umslopogaas.

"After this meeting at the new moon, I am to give in marriage to Masilo," said the maid. "But should one conquer Jikiza, then he will be chief, and can give me in marriage to whom he will."

Now, Umslopogaas understood her meaning, and knew that he had found favour in her sight; and the thought moved him a little, for women were strange to him as yet.

"If perchance I should be there," he said, "and if perchance I should win the iron Chieftainship, the axe Groan-Maker, and rule over the People of the Axe, you should not live far from the shadow of the axe thenceforward, Maid Zinita."

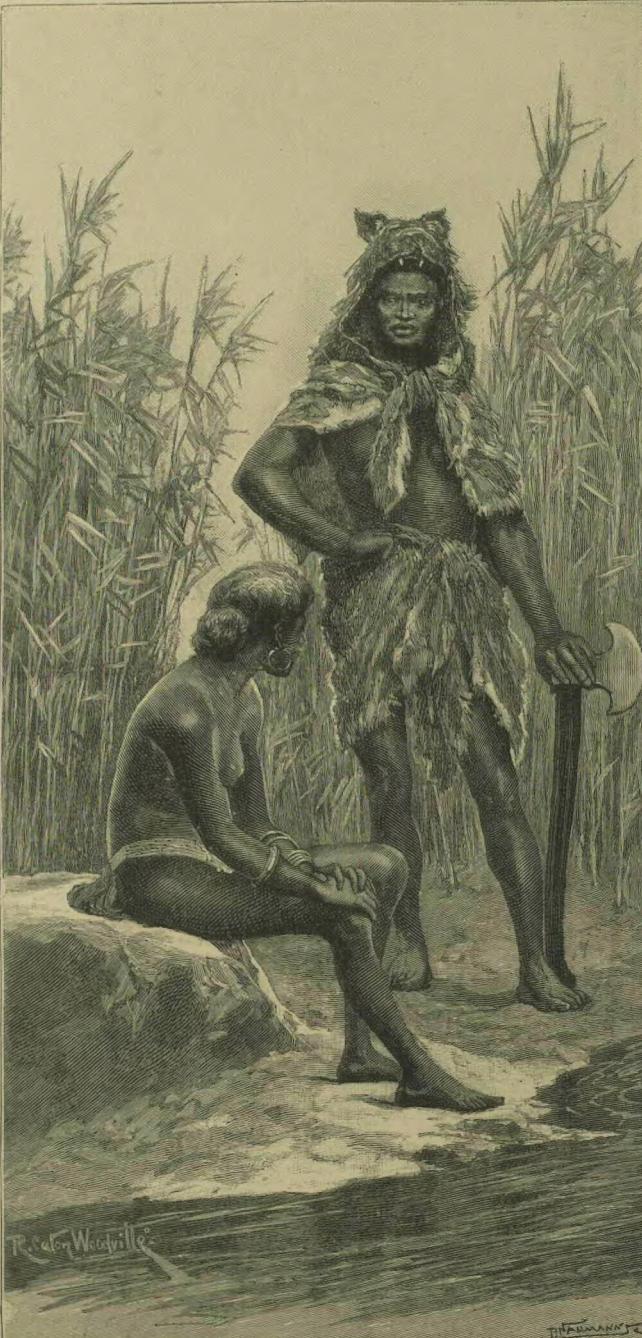
"It is well, Wolf-Man, though some might not wish to dwell in that shadow; but first you must win the axe. Many have tried, and all have failed."

"Yet one must succeed at last," he said, "and so, farewell!" And he leaped into the torrent of the river, and swam it with great strokes.

Now, the maid Zinita watched him till he was gone, and love of him entered into her heart—a love that was fierce and jealous and strong. But as he wended to the Ghost Mountain Umslopogaas thought rather of axe Groan-Maker than of Maid Zinita; for ever, at the bottom, Umslopogaas loved war more than women, though this has been his fate—that women have brought sorrow on his head.

Fifteen days must pass before the day of the new moon, and during this time Umslopogaas thought much and said little. Still, he told Galazi something of the tale, and that he was determined to do battle with Jikiza the Unconquered for the axe Groan-Maker. Galazi said that he would do well to let it be, and that it was better to stay with the wolves than to go out seeking for strange weapons. He said also that even if he won the axe, the matter might not stay there, for he must take the girl also, and his heart boded no good of women; it had been a girl who slew his father in the kraals of the Halakazi. To all of which Umslopogaas said nothing, for his heart was set both on the axe and the girl, but more on the first than the last.

So the time wore on, and at length came the day of the new moon. At the dawn of that day Umslopogaas arose and clad himself in a moocha, binding the she-wolf's skin round



Wondering at the greatness and the fierce eyes of the man who spoke to her,
"Who are you?" she asked.

I will give him a knife for the bride's kiss. Oh! that I were lady of the ghost-wolves, there should be a picking of bones in the kraal of Jikiza before the moon grows young again."

Umslopogaas heard, and of a sudden reared himself up before the maid, and he was great and wild to look on, and the she-wolf's fangs shone upon his brow.

"The ghost-wolves are at hand, damsel," he said. "They are ever at hand for those who need them."

Now the maid saw him and screamed faintly, then grew silent, wondering at the greatness and the fierce eyes of the man who spoke to her.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I fear you not, whoever you are."

"There you are wrong, damsel, for all men fear me, and they have cause to fear. I am one of the Wolf-Brethren, whose names have been told of; I am a wizard of the Ghost Mountain. Take heed, now, lest I kill you. It will be of little avail to call upon your people, for my feet are faster than theirs."

"I have no wish to call upon my people, Wolf-Man," she answered. "And for the rest, I am too young to kill."

his middle beneath the maocha. In his hand he took a stout fighting shield, which he had made of buffalo hide, and that same light moon-shaped axe with which he had slain the captain of Chaka.

"A poor weapon with which to kill Jikiza the Unconquered," said Galazi, eying it askance.

"It shall serve my turn," answered Umslopogans.

Now, Umslopogans ate, and then they moved together slowly down the mountain and crossed the river by a ford, for he would save his strength. On the farther side of the river Galazi hid himself in the reeds, because his face was known, and there Umslopogans bade him farewell, not knowing if he should look upon him again. Afterwards he walked up to the Great Place of Jikiza. Now, when he reached the gates of the kraal, he saw that many people were streaming through them, and mingled with the people. Presently they came to the open space in front of the huts of Jikiza, and there the headmen were gathered together. In the centre of them, and before a heap of the skulls of men which were piled up against his dooposts, sat Jikiza a huge man, a hairy and a proud, who glared about him, rolling his eyes. Fastened to his arm by a thong of leather was the great axe Groun-Maker, and each man as he came up saluted the axe, calling it "*Jukusikaus*," or chieftainship, but he did not salute Jikiza. Umslopogans sat down with the people in front of the counsellors, and few took any notice of him, except Zinuta, who moved sullenly to and fro bearing gourds of beer to the counsellors. Near Jikiza, on his right hand, sat a fat man with small and twinkling eyes, who watched the maid Zinuta greedily.

"You man," thought Umslopogans, "is Masilo. The better for blood-letting wilt thou be, Masilo."

Presently Jikiza spoke, rolling his eyes: "This is the matter before you, counsellors. I have settled it in my mind to give my daughter Zinuta in marriage to Masilo, but the marriage gift is not yet agreed on. I demand a hundred head of cattle from Masilo, for the maid is fair and straight, a proper maid, and, moreover, my daughter, though not of my blood. But Masilo offers fifty head only, therefore I ask of you to settle it."



THE GHOST MOUNTAIN.

"We hear you, Lord of the Axe," answered one of the counsellors, "but first, O Unconquered, you must on this day of the year, according to ancient custom, give public challenge to any man to fight you for the Groun-Maker and for your place as chief of the People of the Axe."

"This is a wearisome thing," grumbled Jikiza. "Can I never have done with it? Fifty-and-three have I slain in my youth without a wound, and now for many years I have challenged, like a cock on a dunghill, and none crow in answer."

"Ho, now! Is there any man who will come forward and do battle with me, Jikiza, for the great axe Groun-Maker? To him who can win it, it shall be, and with it the chieftainship of the People of the Axe."

Thus he spoke very fast, as a man gabbles a prayer to a spirit in whom he has little faith, then turned once more to talk of the cattle of Masilo and of the maid Zinuta. But suddenly Umslopogans stood up, looking at him over the top of his war shield, and crying, "Here is one, O Jikiza, who will do battle with you for the axe Groun-Maker and for the chieftainship that is to him who holds the axe."

Now, all the people laughed, and Jikiza glared at him.

"Come forth from behind that big shield of yours," he said. "Come forth and tell me your name and lineage—you who would do battle with the Unconquered for the ancient axe!"

Then Umslopogans came forward, and he looked so fierce, though he was but young, that the people laughed no more.

"What is my name and lineage to you, Jikiza?" he said. "Let it be, and hasten to do me battle, as you must by the custom, for I am eager to handle the Groun-Maker and to sit in your seat and settle this matter of the cattle of Masilo the King. When I have killed you I will take a name who now have none."

Now, once more the people laughed, but Jikiza grew mad with wrath, and sprang up gasping.

"What!" he said, "you dare to speak thus to me, you babe unweaned, to me the Unconquered, the holder of the

axe! Never did I think to live to hear such talk from a long-legged pup. On to the cattle kraal, to the cattle kraal, People of the Axe, that I may hew this braggart's head from his shoulders! He would stand in my place, would he?—the place that I and my fathers have held for four generations by virtue of the axe. I tell you all that presently I will stand upon his head, and then we will settle the matter of Masilo."

"Babble not so fast, man," quoth Umslopogans, "or if you must babble, speak those words which you would say ere you bid the sun farewell."

Now, Jikiza choked with rage, and foam came upon his lips so that he could not speak, but the people found this sport—all except Masilo, who looked askance at this stranger, tall and fierce, and Zinuta, who looked at Masilo, and with no love. So they all moved down to the cattle kraal, and Galazi, seeing it from afar, could keep away no longer, but drew near and mingled with the crowd.

(To be continued.)

THE HEART OF MONTROSE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If there were any truth in the fables of clairvoyance, it would be desirable to ask a clairvoyant "Where is the heart of Montrose?" One limb of the hero is said to have been lately discovered in Yorkshire, and the laced cap and hose which he wore at his execution are in the possession of a family closely allied to his own. The sword which Charles gave him is at Abbotsford, but where is that casket, made of fragments of another sword of his, which once held the heart of loyalty? The story of the heart is probably not generally known. The longer we live the more we learn that very few things are known generally. Mr. Mark Napier, author of "Montrose and the Covenanters," has told the tale, partly in the words of his kinsman, Sir Alexander Johnston, a descendant, on the mother's side, of the Napiers of Merchiston.

Sir Alexander's mother was the daughter of Francis, fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston. In the room where he used to superintend his daughter's studies were a portrait of Montrose and one of the wife of the second Lord Napier. In this piece a silver urn was represented, which contained the heart of the great marquis. Fragments of him were buried in the Borong Moor of Edinburgh, now mainly built over, but at that time a heathery common outside the walls of Merchiston Castle. The heart was unearthed by a friend of Lady Napier's, and was inclosed first in a steel box made of his sword blade, next in a gold box, given by the Doge of Venice to the Napier who invented logarithms; while this, again, was deposited in a large silver urn. Lady Napier gave the gold and steel boxes to the young Marquis of Montrose, then in exile with her husband. The caskets disappeared till the fifth Lord Napier's time, when they were found in Holland by a gentleman of Guelderland, and restored to the Napier family. By the Lord Napier who was grandfather of Sir Alexander Johnston it was given to that gentleman's mother. After her marriage, she, her husband, and Sir Alexander, then a boy of five, went to India. Their ship was attacked by a French frigate; the lady refused to go below, and faced the fire on the quarter-deck. In her hand she kept Montrose's heart, in a bag. A splinter struck up by a ball hit the bag and broke the golden box, but the steel case resisted the blow. On arriving at Madras a new gold case was made by a native artist, who also constructed a silver urn to go outside all, and thereon engraved in Tamil and Telugu a brief account of Montrose and of the relic

which the three caskets guarded. Unluckily, the lady's anxiety about her treasure caused the natives to believe that it was a talisman, and that its possessor could never be wounded or taken prisoner in war. The caskets were stolen for this reason, and rumour said that they had been ultimately purchased by a powerful chief.

Sir Alexander Johnston was now a young man. His father used to send him once a year to reside with the native princes, to learn the languages and the exercises of the country. While pursuing a boar, Sir Alexander was attacked by the beast, but speared it so severely that the chief pursued and slew it. The Rajah was so pleased by the conduct of the young Scot that he asked what favour he could do him by way of souvenir. Now, this Rajah was believed to have purchased the heart, and Sir Alexander asked him if the report was true. He admitted the truth, but declared that he did not do it "well knowing the same to have been stolen." He immediately added "that one brave man should always attend to the wishes of another brave man, whatever his religion, or his nation might be: that he therefore considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish it was that his heart should be kept by his descendants." He was even better than his word; he not only restored the heart and the caskets, with a letter expressing his regret for having detained what he had not known to be stolen property, but he heaped young Johnston with presents of matchlocks and hounds, with a gold dress and shawls for his mother. This gallant gentleman, in later years, rebelled against the Nabob of Arcot, and, after a courageous resistance, was conquered by English troops and executed. In almost his last words he spoke of Montrose's heart, and bade his attendants preserve his own in a similar manner. The whole

tale might supply a topic to an Anglo-Indian storyteller, but Sir Alexander's brief and unvarnished account is, after all, the best record of Indian chivalry. All might seem to be well now with the heart of Montrose, which should be resting with his other reliques at Thirlestane. But the wanderings of the heart were not ended, and its final resting-place is all unknown. Sir Alexander's parents returned to Europe during the tempest of the French Revolution, in 1792. They were in France when the Revolutionary Government seized all the precious metals of private individuals. The caskets containing the heart of Montrose were entrusted to an Englishwoman named Knowles, at Boulogne. No Government would have seized the casket made of shards of the hero's sword: the gold and silver might have been allowed to go into the coffers of the Republic, if they could not be saved, but the steel was inestimable and unenvied. Unhappily, Mrs. or Miss Knowles died soon after the treasures were entrusted to her keeping, and no exertions by Sir Alexander or his parents ever discovered the heart of Montrose. Very possibly the English lady had concealed it only too cleverly. It may yet be lying beneath some hearthstone or in some rafter in Boulogne, or it may be in some private collection, or in the Cluny Museum.

If any amateur finds a little steel case of the size and shape of an egg, opening like a watch, on the pressure of a spring, he may guess that he has hit on the mysteriously vanished reliquary. The gold box was of Venetian filigree-work, in part; in part was an imitation of that work by an Indian jeweller. There is no doubt that the heart was really taken from the trunk buried in the Borough Moor. In 1661 the trunk was unearthed to be buried in St. Giles's with the head, taken down from the Tolbooth. It was then found, as the newspaper of the period shows, that the heart had already been removed. Lady Napier's share in this, the embalming of the heart, "by that skilful chirurgeon and apothecary Mr. James Callender" and the provision of a rich golden box, are all mentioned by the contemporary chronicler. Even the head had extraordinary fortunes. It was fixed, as we saw, by iron spikes and clamps above the Tolbooth. One Binning, author of a work on gunpowder, wantonly fired a shot at it. The ball hit the stone next to that on which the head was fixed; the stone fell down, "and killed a drummer and a soldier or two." The spike which had borne up Montrose's head was presently used again to support that of his enemy, Argyll; while the paws of the Rev. James Guthrie and of Archibald Johnston occupied adjacent bad eminences. Our ancestors, two hundred years ago, were little, if at all, better than Mohawks. Shall we live to see the heads of capitalists occupying spikes? It is never safe to prophesy, for the Mohawk is always lurking in wait: he is not expelled from human nature, but only biding his time. These frantic barbarities lasted well into Dr. Johnson's age; he had often walked beneath the Jacobite heads on Temple Bar. The manners of the Dyaks, in fact, endured from the beginning till about a hundred years ago. Why should we be so vain as to fancy that we have seen the last of them? Verily, there is a great deal of human nature, more brutal than that of the brutes, in mankind.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The growing strength of the High Church party is remarkably illustrated by what would seem the practical session of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, by the Evangelicals. "A Body has been holding a 'quiet day' for the students of the college, and it is announced on unimpeachable authority that the work of the institution is conducted on 'strictly Church lines.' There has been some feeble protest, but . . . nothing more."

The High Church party are attacking Bishop Perowne's policy towards Dissent in the diocese of Worcester. There, in the towns especially, Nonconformists are numerous, and it is complained that the Bishop thinks the sects equal to the Church. Dr. Perowne has favoured the extension to Dissenters of the right to vote in the election of lay members of episcopal conferences.

Convocation has reassembled, in due course, with the opening of the Parliamentary Session, but seems to have little to do. The marginal references in the Revised Version of the New Testament, which afford abundant puzzlement to learned as well as to unlearned readers, are to be examined by a joint committee of the two Houses.

Canon Knox-Little, whose sermons are so severe, as is shown by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her latest book, is preparing a volume of travel sketches.

In the late Dr. Donald Fraser one of the most picturesque figures in the religious world has disappeared. Of old Highland blood, tall, spare, with fine features and a wealth of silver hair, Dr. Fraser would have attracted attention anywhere, and he had a notable gift of speech, especially on the platform. He did much for the extension of Presbyterianism in England, but he disclaimed the name of Dissenter, being a strong Conservative and an ardent advocate of the union between Church and State. His relations with the Evangelical party in the Church of England were exceedingly close and intimate. Writing of him, his comrade, Principal Dykes says: "He was a typical Churchman . . . and everything a churchman—its order, its authority, its worship, its effects upon its members, possessed in his eyes a value in a degree not often conceded to them in our day." Dr. Fraser was a man of Liberal views and a frequent "first-nighter" at the theatre.

Dr. Paget's first sermon as Dean of Christ Church was one of singular eloquence and ability. The subject was the power of the Bible manifested in the formation of Christian character.

Mr. Spurgeon's various institutions are fairly well endowed, more especially the Pastors' College. There is no prospect of their discontinuance, although it is possible his death may somewhat cripple them. There are signs of the "Down Grade" controversy breaking out afresh, but great efforts will be made to prevent this.

Canon Scott Holland has conducted a special mission in Leeds, delivering a sermon in Leeds parish church every day at half-past one to very large congregations. By-the-way, I happened to be in Ledbury lately. There, according to the dictionaries, Canon Holland was born. But I could get no one to tell me where—in fact, I could get no one to believe it, though I met some who should have known. Perhaps some reader can throw light on this.



LAOS SOLDIERS.

IN INDO-CHINA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD LAMINGTON.

Lord Lamington's friends have for some years hailed him as among the elect of the nomads, and a friendly critic has even ventured to call him Lord Salisbury's "open map" of Egypt. It has remained for this Session to prove him a fluent and ready speaker, and for the Geographical Society to set upon him the seal of its approval. Nor is it unsafe to say that neither the House of Lords nor the august society mentioned could have chosen a more fitting recipient for their distinctions. The young traveller has from the outset of his career entered upon the course which he laid down for himself with an earnestness and thoroughness worthy of all admiration. The most recent of his expeditions in the East is one that will have far wider issues than the mere profit of the map-maker. It is likely to be of untold assistance to the Foreign Office in the very difficult work now to be



SIAM COMMISSIONER, WITH LAOS ATTENDANTS.

undertaken in Indo-China, and most certainly it sheds light on a great country and a curious people hitherto almost unknown to the travelled or untravelled European, a country where the mystic splendour of the East seems to be allied to much that is most beautiful in the scenic pictures of the West, and a country where the frontier battle of two nations must some day be fought, which must be the centre of profound and hazardous territorial problems as it is now the subject of divided aspirations and European jealousies. But on the whole result of his recent journey Lord Lamington has been good enough to say something to a representative of the *Illustrated London News*, and we give the substance of his remarks—

"The expedition which I undertook, and about which you asked me—though I am afraid the public must be weary of hearing about my travels in Indo-China—set out from Chiengmai, the capital of the Laos country, on Dec. 10, 1890. I had worked my way up from Bangkok by steamer. Bangkok is the Venice of the East, by-the-bye, and should be seen by



SHAN CHIEF RECEIVING IN STATE.

every nomad who wishes to see all things; and at Chiengmai I joined the expedition which Mr. Archer was about to make on a frontier survey mission. I had engaged a party of Panthays with mules for my luggage, the latter numbering ten, which were none too many, as I lost three one night by the tigers, everywhere abounding in the almost impassable jungle of the lowlands and the highlands alike. The Panthays are Chinamen driven out of Yunnan for rebellion—fine men, tall and hardy, who have settled in Burmah, and carry on trade by caravan during the dry season. They are excellent servants, and the way in which they adjust one's luggage on the backs of the mules is not a little surprising. The packs are strapped with long leather thongs on to a tree or trestle, and this is then put upon a pad on the mule's back. It rests in that position absolutely by balance, and no matter where the mule goes he keeps his pack, a feat which I should judge entitles him to a little distinction above other mules.

"From Chiengmai we went through perpetual jungle, or through paddy and rice fields, to Meung Tuen, where the escort and survey officials from Burmah joined us. There also we had with us the Siamese representative and the Laos Commissioner with a

BODY OF LAOS SOLDIERS,

and also a representative of one of the Shan States. Our course from this point lay eastward between the Salween and Mekong water systems, where oftentimes the scenery was of the most luxurious description, the beds of the dry streams up

RECEPTION FROM THE CHIEFS.

a typical example of which you have in the picture of a Shan chief sitting for such a ceremony. It was at this spot that, wishing to enter Tonquin through the Sibooong Pama, a route which no European traveller had pursued before, I bade farewell to my friends of the Commission—Mr. Archer, Captain Fulton of the Goorkhas, Dr. Grey, and Mr. Kennedy, the surveyor. I took my way to Chieng Lap, on the Mekong, and worked down the river to where the Nam Ma flows in. Here I saw the site of the ancient city of Viang Kok, though, as usual, no information could be gathered as to when the city ceased to exist, though the ramp and moat, choked with jungle, could still be traced, and the city had evidently been of very great extent. In these regions I saw some fine brick monasteries, and men at work smelting gold and silver, but the prevailing worship, while often ostensibly Buddhism, is in reality devil-worship. Even the very raft in which my luggage went down the Mekong had tapers burnt above it to propitiate the devils, while to the same ends a sacrifice of rice, nuts, and a rupee was offered upon the rocks.

"I cannot now, of course, tell you all that happened to me as I made my way in a south-easterly direction down the Mekong and Black River to Hanoi, where my exploration may be said to have ended. I will only say that the difficulties of the way were sometimes very great, the receptions we received nearly always friendly. 'Of the people themselves, I should point to

THE YAO-YIN

as the most intelligent of all the hill tribes. The women have a light complexion, and wear a very becoming costume—a loose kind of Turkish trousers of very finely embroidered silk, a long loose coat, and numerous silver ornaments. Their gala headdress is a thing most wonderful to see. It is of red cloth, stretched over a stand about six inches off the head, and about two feet long and one broad. But here, as elsewhere, in spite of the Mongolian characteristics, some of the women are far from being unprepossessing, if none of them would be styled pretty.

"As to the political nature of all this, I may say to you what I have already said in a paper. We have great interests in Siam; there are thousands of British subjects in the country. Our frontiers, which have been extended by our now holding all the old kingdom of Burmah, are in course of arrangement with Siam; in fact, except for a comparatively small distance on the north, they have practically been agreed to. . . . The French idea is to retrieve in Indo-China another India. They push on every year from the Tonquin and the Annan coast, and the very least they seek is the Mekong as a frontier. At first sight it is not easy to see what is the French aim, as the 'hinterland' of the Huana coast to the Mekong is decidedly of a poor nature, unless it has great mineral wealth. But my answer is that they expect to be able to get a trade with Chiengmai by way of the Black River, and to deliver their goods by this route cheaper than the British can from Bangkok or the Panthay traders from Burmah. The idea is ludicrous; but this is the way in which the French accounted to me for their policy, and if it is not true they must have other and grander intentions."



TYPES OF THE MUSUR TRIBE.

which we passed canopied with the wild luxuriance of tropical growth, and overhung with the maze of creepers and the wild plantains. . . . After Meung Sat, we received visits from the Musen tribe, on the hills, who were anxious to see the 'lords of gold and silver'; and I should note that all through my journey I had no trouble with the people at all. Any difficulty or fear of robbery came from the dacoits. At Meung Tuen, for instance,

THE MUSUR TRIBE

came to visit our camp, and among the party was one remarkably pretty girl, who wore a long, graceful mantle with a broad collar and many ornaments of silver. In every party of these people I came across there were one or two who carried musical instruments, in the form of a hollow gourd, in which are five bamboos, both gourd and bamboo having holes bored to give the notes. But the music is very weird and melancholy, and but little better than the plaintive notes given everywhere in this country by the water-wheels.

"When, after certain little difficulties which will not interest you, we reached the large town of Viang-Ké, we set our course in a north-easterly direction to Ban-Meh-Chan. All the environs of the country we found covered with impassable cane-brake, and tigers abounded. We lost many bullocks, and there were alarms in the camp every night, but the mules were kept, and they were the chief consideration. As we entered the great Chieng Sen plain we met with no inhabitants, though there were abundant signs of former cultivation, and so we pushed on over the rough, precipitous ridges which mark the western boundary of Chieng Fen. At Honglik we were again in the Shan country, and I received, as before, everywhere a cordial

SOME BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Stranded among these monumental finger-posts, the scribe turns naturally to the volume which more immediately concerns his special interests. He surveys with wonder the bulky form of *Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press*. This work has grown in twelve years to twelve times its original size. It represents the mightiest engine of civilisation in all the ramifications of newspaper machinery, and especially in the department of advertising. To the general reader who is not in search of some particular journal as a medium for his message to mankind, there are about one hundred and thirty-five pages of interesting matter. Several specialists in journalism have written essays in the *World's Press* on their craft, its possibilities, limitations, virtues, and sins. Mr. Stead, for instance, has much to say of the halfpenny morning paper, which is some day to be a notable achievement. Mr. Fox Bourne discourses on the salient characteristics of modern journalism, distributing no inconsiderable amount of censure on what he regards as excesses. Mr. Fox Bourne is specially severe on personal gossip, and his strictures are supplemented by extracts from an article in an American law review proposing certain definite limitations on newspaper researches into private life. It is suggested, for example, that any person should be punished "who publishes in any newspaper, journal, or magazine, or other periodical publication, any statement concerning the private life or affairs of another without his consent." From this sweeping provision are excluded "candidates for office and persons in public positions"; but it is surely manifest that, even with this reservation, such a law could not be endured. The most harmless paragraph might expose a journal to a vindictive action, merely because the writer had not obtained a man's consent to the statement that he had inherited a fortune from his mother-in-law.

Who would edit an almanack if he could earn wealth and fame by some less laborious occupation? The editor of *Whitaker's Almanack* plaintively remarks in his new volume that "every page, and almost every line, of the work has been corrected, and, as nearly as possible, brought up to the date of issue." More than that, the unfortunate editor has to read letters from people who keenly resent "the omission of matters deemed by him of secondary consequence." In spite of this, the editor of *Whitaker's* bears up remarkably well. He has taken in hand naval gunnery and the results of the Census, subjects which are new to this publication; and there are also interesting articles on several branches of education. Another periodical which struggles manfully with the developments of civilisation is that pocket-volume, the *Post Office Directory* (Kelly and Co.), which is quite equal to the Herculean task of registering the ever-growing army of Smiths. The editor of a book of reference might, indeed, be compared to Laocoon, were it not that he generally conquers his serpents of endless information and chains them to a triumphal car. Here is the seventh issue of *Hazlitt's Annual*, which ought to be recommended, if only for the exhaustive advice to people who are in trouble as to the proper mode of addressing titled persons. All the ramifications of the Peerage are set forth with their befitting styles, handles, and appurtenances, so that you cannot go wrong even among the remotest scions of nobility, lay or clerical. In this annual, moreover, there is concise information about a variety of vagaries, and perhaps the clearest digest of Theosophy will visit the brain of a seeker after the occult after he has read the summary of Madame Blavatsky's achievements. People who are yearning for a seat in Parliament, or for any of the delights of electioneering, should consult Mr. T. C. Hetherwick's Parliamentary manual, one of the most complete and compendious publications of this class. Do you want to become a J.P.? Mr. A. H. Bodkin's sixth edition of the *Justice's Note Book* (Stevens and Sons) will furnish you with the whole equipment that is necessary to discharge the county. But, even if you have no ambition to reach this summit of glory, there are matters in this book which it is worth your while to know. Besides, who can withstand the sarcasm of the original compiler of this legal digest? "That man's existence must be enviable serene who is content to care for none of these things." Another piece of the late Mr. Wigram's satire ought to make this book precious to county families. Of the justice of the peace Mr. Wigram says: "His appointment on the Commission implies no acquittance with the statutes at large. He need never have heard a case tried. His sole credentials are the instincts and education of an English gentleman."

Of directories which concern the "titled classes" there is the usual imposing array. First let us take *Dod's Peerage* (Gilbert and Rivington), of which the editor remarks that if anybody thinks it must be incomplete because its dimensions are moderate, he has nothing to offer to "the few who labour under such prejudice." There is also a pathetic suggestion that the public has no idea of the labour expended on a work of this kind, which includes the examination of "several thousand manuscript communications which have been forwarded by the subjects of these notices themselves." Who shall venture to compare *Dod's Peerage* with *Debrett* (Dean and Son), of which Lord Chancellor Cairns said that he never opened it "without amazement or admiration"? O shade of a bygone Chancellor! why "or" instead of "and"? The amazement and admiration of the general reader may be bestowed impartially on compilations which combine so varied information with such astonishing accuracy. So far is no fair criterion of criticism, for *Burke's Peerage* is to its two companions as the Lord Mayor's State coach is to the equipages of the sheriffs. *Thom's Official Directory*, *Fox's Dramatic and Musical Directory*, and *T. B. Browne's Advertiser* ("I can't be ranked in the noble procession of peers and baronetcages, genealogies and etiquette, but they have substantial claims to the attention of the voracious student of this class of literature"). Mr. Browne's portly volume contains some interesting articles on recent developments of journalism. But for personal interest these books are thrown into the shade by *Every Man his Own Lawyer* (Crosby Lockwood and Son). This manual has reached its twenty-ninth edition, and the editor suggests that a large number of legal practitioners "while laughing more or less good-humouredly at its title, have not disdained to keep it on their office shelves, and to utilise it as a work of reference." But if the book has enlarged the experience and sharpened the wits of the lawyer, how many six-and-eightpences have been saved to the litigant? This is an interesting study in legal sociology. In one of the Inns of Court there is a picture representing an almost nude figure of a man flying from an enemy. A solicitor asked a barrister what it portended, and the reply was, "Oh, that's a successful litigant leaving the office of your firm!" Perhaps the artist ought to have represented the fugitive with a copy of *Every Man his Own Lawyer* in his hand.

The Dublin City Corporation has applied to the Irish Local Government Board to sanction a loan of £278,000 for a main drainage scheme, and £13,000 for artisans' dwellings in that city.

The Piscatorial Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, has been opened, and promises to be attractive to fresh-water anglers, containing 2000 cases of specimens of different kinds of fish—trout, grayling, perch, pike, and others—valued for sport in British rivers, but there is a poor show of salmon. The late Mr. Frank Buckland's collection is lent by the South Kensington Museum; and Mr. Andrews, of Guildford, exhibits models of his fish-breeding tanks.

The "strong man," Louis Cyr, at the Westminster Aquarium, on Friday evening, Feb. 19, performed the feat of lifting a dumb-bell 273½ lb. in weight, with one hand, from the floor to above his head.

The Welsh Calvinist Methodist chapel at Nantlle, near Bettws-y-Coed, was utterly demolished by the fall of a mass of rock behind it on Feb. 17; but happily no person was killed. It was an hour before the time of evening service.

Visitors to Cannes have been shocked by a criminal tragedy which took place at the Hôtel Splendide on Feb. 18, when Mr. Parker Deacon, an American, having discovered an intrigue between his wife and a young Frenchman, M. Abeille, shot the Frenchman dead. Mrs. Deacon is a daughter of Admiral Baldwin, of the United States Navy. Her husband will be tried by the law of France.

Duels have recently been fought at Paris and at Madrid. The French combatants were M. Edouard Drumont, a political party writer, and M. Isnacs, late Prefect of the Avesnes. They used swords, and were both wounded. The editor of a military journal at Madrid fought with a Spanish infantry officer, and got a scratch in the head. No danger of life in the case of these brave gentlemen is expected to result.

The Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices have rejected the appeal of Mr. Parkinson, member of the London County Council, against the verdict in the trial before Mr. Justice Hawkins, when £250 damages was awarded to the managers of the Royal Aquarium for slander in Mr. Parkinson's speech accusing them of allowing an indecent performance there. The judges find that there was no indecency in the entertainment referred to.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: PRIEST REMONSTRATING WITH ENRAGED PEASANTS.

THE REYNOLDS CENTENARY: THE MASTERPIECES OF SIR JOSHUA.



ROBINETTA.



MISS PENELOPE BOOTHBY.



FELINA.



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.



THE HON. MISS FRANCES HARRIS.



GIRL WITH KITTEN.



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.



THE LAUGHING GIRL.



MISS MARY CATHERINE PELHAM CLINTON.

THE MASTERPIECES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



MRS. ABRINGTON AS ROXALANA.



THE HON. LAVINIA BINGHAM (COUNTESS SPENCER).



MRS. MARY ROBINSON.



LADY SMYTH AND HER THREE CHILDREN.



COUNTESS PEMBROKE AND HER SON, THE HON. GEORGE, LORD HERBERT.



LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.



GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND THE HON. LADY GEORGINA CAVENDISH.



MISS EMILY POTTS AS THAIS.

THE MASTERPIECES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



MISS EMMA HART,
AFTERWARDS LADY HAMILTON,
AS A BACCHANTE.



SIMPLICITY.



MRS. SEAFORTH AND CHILD



THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.



LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER.



MRS. MARY HALE AS L'ALLEGRO.



SAMUEL PRAYING.

THE MASTERPIECES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



MISSES STILLY O'BRIEN.



MISS S. T. TIDMAN AS ST. CECILIA.



LADIES ANN AND CHARLOTTE SPENCER (ENTITLED "THE MASK").



MUSCIPULA.



LESBIA.



THE HON. LAVINIA BINGHAM
(COUNTESS SPENCER).



AT WAR WITH CUPID.

"Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The problem of a "telegraph without wires" has often been broached, but, as far as I know, even the theoretical realisation of this project has never been seriously attempted until recently, when Mr. Edison gave forth his views regarding the matter. It would seem that Mr. Edison has actually patented "means for transmitting signals electrically without the interposition of connecting wires." What he has to say regarding this subject is well worth our attention. He begins with the announcement of his discovery that, if a sufficient elevation be obtained to over come the curvature of the earth, and to reduce as far as may be the earth's absorption, electric signalling may be carried on by induction without the use of wires connecting the distant points or signalling-stations. For signalling across oceans, says Mr. Edison, this method will be very serviceable, inasmuch as it does away with the use of submarine cables; while for communication between vessels at sea, or between vessels at sea and points on land, the invention would be equally important. There is also no obstacle to its employment between distant points on land; but in the latter case it is necessary to increase the degree of elevation or height from which the signalling operations are conducted, because of the induction-absorbing effect of houses, trees, and hills. Mr. Edison states that at sea he can communicate electrically to a great distance from a height of one hundred feet. This height could be secured from the mast of a ship, so that signals could be sent from ship to ship, and communication be established, in this way, even over oceans themselves.

Collisions at sea in fogs, it is also pointed out, could be prevented by this method of electrical signalling, and ships may also be warned off the coast in foggy weather. For land-signalling very high poles or captive balloons can be used. Wherever the method is practised, condensing surfaces of metal or other conductors are used, and each surface is connected with the earth by a conducting wire. The earth connection, it is pointed out, is, of course, usual in telegraphy; and at sea the wire would be conveyed to metal plates on the vessel's bottom, so that the "earth connection" would be made with the sea. The high resistance secondary circuit of an induction coil is placed in the circuit, between the condensing surface and the ground. The primary circuit

which the short circuit is broken, and the circuit-breaker breaks and makes the primary circuit of the induction coil with great rapidity. This apparatus is more particularly shown in Fig. 3.

In Fig. 2, I K are stations on land, having poles, L, supporting condensing surfaces, C, which may be light cylinders or frames of wood covered with sheet metal. These drums are adapted to be raised and lowered by block and tackle, and are connected by wires with earth-plates through signal receiving and transmitting apparatus, such as has already been described.

In Fig. 5, M is a captive balloon having condensing surfaces, C, of metallic foil. The ground wire I is carried down the rope c, by which the balloon is held captive. In Fig. 4 three of these captive balloons are represented in position to communicate from one to the other and to repeat to the third, the curvature of the earth's surface being represented.

Several claims are made, but the principal one is the following—

"I claim as my discovery means for signalling between stations separated from each other, consisting of an elevated condensing surface or body at each station, a transmitter operatively connected to one of said condensing surfaces for varying its electrical tension in conformity to the signal to be transmitted, and thereby correspondingly varying the tension of the other condensing surface, and a signal receiver operatively connected to said other condensing surface, substantially as described."

A somewhat interesting anomaly has lately been found in the shape of a perfectly hairless horse, which owns Australia as its birthplace. This is not the first occasion on which the development of such an animal has been chronicled; and cases of the opposite condition, in which a very luxuriant growth of hair has occurred on horses (in mane and tail especially), are also known to naturalists. The hairless horse has absolutely no hair whatever on its body. It is bald all over, so to speak, and possesses a smooth silky skin, of black colour. The occurrence of such an animal may possibly tend to show how the practically hairless state of certain near allies of the horse has been evolved. Perhaps we can hardly speak of a hairless horse as a case of "reversion" or throw back to some anterior type or ancestral stage, for I do not know that one can postulate as reasonable that the ancestors of horses were hairless, unless, indeed, the tapir family is to be credited as

'the ancestral type of the horse, in which case the growth of hair would be regarded as a secondary and acquired condition. The contrary condition, according to some authorities, is more likely to have been the case with ancestral forms, so that all we may be able to see in this horse as it exists is, perchance, an illustration of some very anomalous cause of suppression of hair-growth, akin, perhaps, to that which originally gave us the smooth skin of the tapir (a near relative of the horse) or the almost hairless skin of the elephant, hippopotamus, or rhinoceros itself.'

The fifth part of the "Transactions of the Cremation Society of England" (published at sixpence by the society at 8, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, London, W.) has just reached me. It is a brochure well worth the perusal of all who have an interest in the respectful and reverent disposal of the dead with a regard for the safety of the living. In 1885, when the crematory at Woking was first used, only three bodies were sent there. In 1891 ninety-nine bodies were cremated. The method is therefore growing in public favour, and this alone is a satisfactory fact. The practice is also extending throughout the provinces. At Manchester, a crematory is in course of erection. Liverpool is bestirring itself in the matter. At Ilford, the City of London Commission of Sewers is proposing to erect a crematory; while Glasgow and Darlington have also decided to form a society. Anyone reading this report will certainly find any reasonable objections to the practice

removed by the calm, forcible, and dispassionate discussion of the advantages of cremation as compared with the dangers of ordinary burial. To my mind, there is (considering the living) no comparison possible between the two systems. I am glad indeed, therefore, to be able to recommend my readers to procure and study this admirable and cogent pamphlet for themselves.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "America and the Americans." A Narrative of a Tour in the United States and Canada. By Alexander Craib, F.S.A. (Alexander Gardner.)
- "Elie Vere," by Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by J. T. Grein. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The House by the Medlar-Tree," by Giovanni Verga. Translated by Mary A. Craig; introduction by W. D. Howells. Red Letter Stories. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "The Australian Handbook for 1892," (Gordon and Gotch.)
- "Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works." In five vols. Vol. I., edited, with memoir, by John Dennis. New Edition of the *Alpine Poets*. (George Bell and Sons.)
- "The Old Stone House, and Other Stories," by Anna Katharine Green, author of "*The Leavenworth Case*." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "Annandale's Concise Dictionary." New and enlarged edition, (Blackie and Son.)
- "Horse Sabbath," by Sir James Stephen. Second Series. (Macmillan.)
- "The Autobiography of Isaac Williams." Edited by Sir G. Prevost. (Longmans.)
- "Yorkshire Folk-Talk," by the Rev. M. C. F. Morris. (Henry Frowde.)
- "Sporting Sketches in South America," by Admiral Kennedy. (R. H. Porter 18, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square.)
- "The Romance of History," by Herbert Greenough Smith. (Richard Bentley and Son.)
- "Ralph Ryder of Brent," by Florence Warden. In three vols. (Richard Bentley and Son.)
- "Seventy-Eight Australian Hymn Tunes," composed by R. Bentley Young. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.)
- "A Ride Across Iceland," by the Rev. W. T. McCormick. (Dibby and Long.)
- "My Home in the Alps," by Mrs. Main. (Sampson Low and Co.)

"THE IMPRESSION MADE ON ME BY OUR COLONIES."

AN INTERVIEW WITH "GENERAL" BOOTH.

During the last seven months "General" Booth, travelling in the fatiguing "official" capacity of Chief of the Salvation Army, has travelled over 36,000 miles of land and sea, visited forty large towns, and held 250 meetings. He has seen Greater Britain from a point of view possible but to a few of the men who have visited the Colonies, and he has returned home with many fresh notions as to what ought to be Great Britain's future Colonial policy.

In answer to the question put to him by a representative of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. Booth gave a terse and interesting account of what may be called the secular, as apart from the religious, impressions made upon his mind by his tour through the Colonies and India.

"Although widely different, South Africa and Australia made much a similar impression on me as regards their relation to Great Britain. These countries are a magnificent inheritance, and nothing grander ever fell to the lot of any nation. All they require in order to make them into empires is a good strong government and a sufficient number of the right kind of emigrant."

"Then you think that the mother country has used her chances rightly?"

"I think the English have made as good a use of their opportunity as other peoples would have done. But that is not saying very much. Those who are in power in the Colonies do their best to make them pleasant and profitable to the present inhabitants. It is, of course, a very natural proceeding, but a truly wise and benevolent Government would endeavour to make a better use of its chances, and not try simply to meet the necessities of the passing hour."

"How was your idea of an over-sea Darkest England Colony received?"

"Well, although I found that everyone had heard of the scheme and generally appreciated the notion, both the politicians and the working-men—the former for local political reasons, the latter from a mistaken fear that fresh hands would mean less highly paid work—did not want it to be in their part of the world. This was especially the case at the Cape, where local bigwigs only hold office on popular sufferance. If they were to establish or favour any large emigration scheme, the Africanders would soon turn them out of their present berths."

EMIGRATION.

"Then, if that is the state of things, would you advise young men to go out to our Colonies?"

"Well, I should like to know something about the men themselves before I offered any advice. I think the present system of emigration is, in its main lines, an erroneous one. If the right class of young man could be secured, then it would be all right. What they want in the Colonies are British farmers' sons with £500 to £1000 in their pockets, who would work the land now lying fallow."

"Instead of that, I suppose, it is the good-for-nothings that emigrate?"

"Often, no doubt, it is so. The family hold a consultation as to what they shall do with John. America and Canada are too near; Australia being still a long way off, they send him there. Of course he takes his bad habits along with him, and sinks lower and lower until," adds the "General" with a smile, "the Salvation Army gets hold of him, and sets him on his feet again."

"What about domestic servants?"

"A gentleman in Australia told me that they could do with a batch of five thousand English servants, who would all be placed in a month's time, and that there would still be a demand for more. One of my hostesses told me that two of her servants were leaving her to go up the country, preferring it to city life; one, the cook, earned seventeen shillings a week and all found, the housemaid only one shilling less."

"And yet bad accounts come home of the Australian conditions of labour?"

"It is true that at present there is a superabundance of men and the opposite of work, and this is why the opposition to my emigration scheme was set on foot and maintained by a number of the leaders of the Labour Party. This was due, however, entirely to a misconception of my idea. In these vast countries there are millions of acres waiting for strong arms to work and reap the harvest—not merely the gold and gems which lie embedded in the earth, but the larger crops yielded by the soil. I don't think the Colonies are understood or valued as they ought to be. I fear that it will be America over again, not because Colonials want us to do more for them, but because of the sort of feeling they have that the home people look down upon them."

IN INDIA.

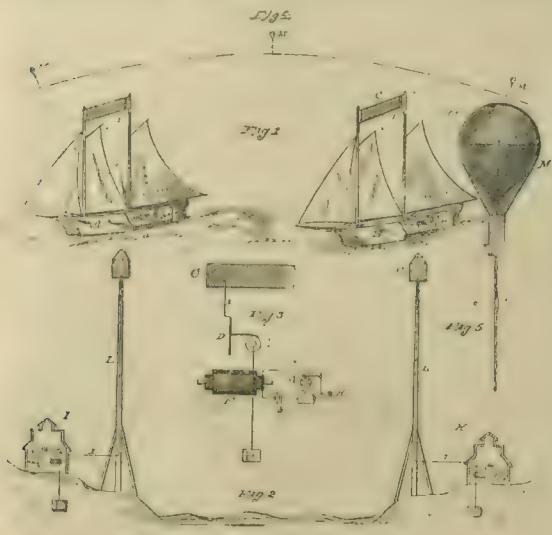
"And what did you think of India, General?"

"India interested me strangely, because it was so different to anything that I had ever seen. What do I think of the place? Well, at any rate, Australians understand Australia, but India is misunderstood even by those who dwell there. I came in contact with, and had frequent communication, and I may say affectionate intercourse, with the principal leaders of the National Congress there, and the general feeling—I am speaking of the Hindoos—is something like this: 'We quite appreciate the benefit of British rule; we do not wish it any harm; we esteem the greater security of life and property we enjoy under it than was the case before we came under British rule, or than would probably be the case if it were removed. But, now that we are educated and understand affairs, we think we ought to have a greater share in their management, and this we think the Government might give us with perfect safety!'

"Then you do not think that in the event of trouble there would be any fear of a fresh rising?"

"A recurrence of the Indian Mutiny? I don't think there is the slightest inclination on the part of the Hindoo population or of the more intelligent part of the Mohammedans to rebel against us, though they might think that a time of great extremity to the English would be their opportunity. I, personally, would trust them with my own person and with my children and children's children without any fear. Everywhere in India I was greeted most affectionately. I did not hear an unkind word or see an unkind look."

"The natives of India are more liberal in many ways than people at home. Two thousand of what here would be called leathens paid on two consecutive nights for admission to a pucca or tent, meeting to hear me expound on the Salvation Army, its doctrines and methods, and this although they knew I was there as the outspoken exponent of the most out-and-out Christianity."



EDISON'S NEW METHOD OF TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

of the induction coil, it is added, includes a battery and means for transmitting signals. For receiving signals, Mr. Edison places in the circuit between the condensing surface and the earth a diaphragm-sounder, giving preference to an invention of his own. Coming, in his specification, to further details, Mr. Edison tells us that, as the key normally short-circuits the circuit-breaker (or secondary coil), no impulses are produced till the key is depressed. Then an action takes place at the elevated condensing surface, "producing therat electrostatic impulses." Inductively, "these impulses are sent to the condensing surface at the distant point, and are made audible by the electromotograph connected in the ground-circuit with the said distant condensing surface." The intervening body of air is said to form the dielectric of the condenser, "the condensing surfaces of which are connected by the earth." The result of the whole arrangement is a circuit, "in which is interposed a condenser formed of distantly separated and elevated condensing surfaces with the intervening air as a dielectric."

Such is a description of Mr. Edison's latest invention, and it can be readily conceived that, provided it is fully worked out in its details, it may be the means of accomplishing quite a revolution in the difficult project of ocean telegraphy. The accompanying figures and description, by Mr. Edison himself, may serve to render the disposition of his scheme somewhat more intelligible than is possible to be effected by a mere categorical description of its details—

In the accompanying drawings, forming a part hereof, Fig. 1 is a view showing two vessels placed in communication by my discovery; Fig. 2, a view showing signalling stations on opposite banks of a river; Fig. 3, a separate view, principally in diagram, of the apparatus; Fig. 4, a diagram of a portion of the earth's surface, showing communication by captive balloons; Fig. 5, a view of a single captive balloon constructed for use in signalling.

"A and B are two vessels, each having a metallic condensing surface, C, supported at the heads of the masts. This condensing surface may be of canvas covered with flexible sheet-metal or metallic foil secured thereto in any suitable way. From the condensing surface C a wire, I, extends to the hull of each vessel and through the signal receiving and transmitting apparatus to a metallic plate, a, on the vessel's bottom. This wire extends through an electromotograph telephone receiver, D, or other suitable receiver, and also includes the secondary circuit of an induction coil, F. In the primary of this induction coil is a battery, b, and a revolving circuit-breaker, G. This circuit-breaker is revolved rapidly by a motor (not shown) electrical or mechanical. It is short-circuited normally by a back point key, II, by depressing

THE CENTENARY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



STAIRCASE IN PLYMPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

ELDOM, if ever, in the history of art had so imposing and spontaneous a tribute been paid to genius as that witnessed in London on March 3, 1792. Spain and Belgium had doubtless displayed more taste and magnificence on the occasion of the burials of Velasquez and Rubens, for these were state ceremonials, in which the people had only the interest of spectators. But in the case of Reynolds every class seemed to recognise the loss the nation had sustained.

"Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern of all sorts of people," were Burke's words, writing to his son on the day following; and the sense of the nation's debt to the greatest painter of the eighteenth century has been steadily increasing since the day when, after

day, having just escaped being apprenticed to an apothecary Joshua Reynolds, born on July 16, 1723, was the seventh child of a family of eleven. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was at that time master of the grammar school of Plympton Earl, a charmingly situated old town which had lost the importance it once possessed in consequence of the rising fortunes of Plymouth since the days of the Armada—

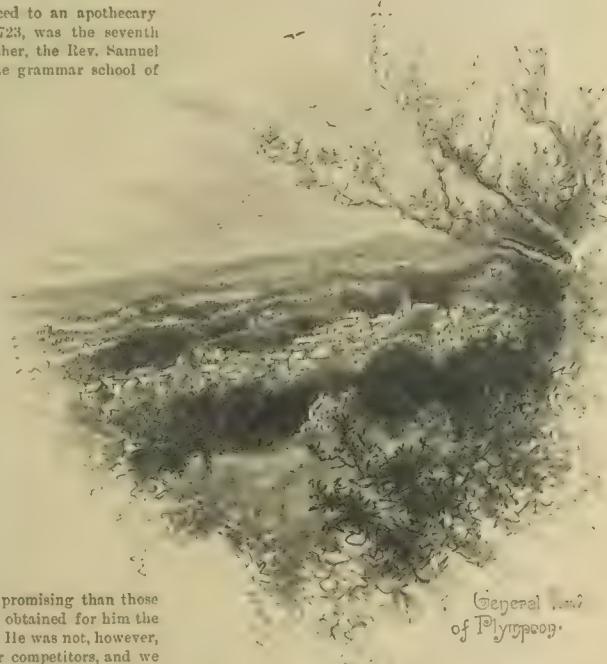
When Plymouth was a furzy down,
Plympton was a borought town;
but at the time when Parson Reynolds settled there as a master of the school on the modest income of £120 a year and a house, the place retained some of the privileges and all the quaint attractiveness of an old-fashioned half-decayed town. Of the old schoolhouse where Samuel Reynolds taught, and his son Joshua spent a few years, nothing now remains but the colonnade, on the walls of which the latter left, in the shape of charcoal drawings, the first proofs of his love of art. According to the tradition, these drawings were done with burnt sticks, and the youthful Joshua was so little an adept that his works, which were considered less promising than those of his brothers and sisters, obtained for him the nickname of "The Clown." He was not, however, long in distancing his elder competitors, and we hear of his painting, at the age of twelve, his first picture in oils on a boat-sail—a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Smart, a tutor in the family of Lord Edgecumbe—a picture which still exists and should form part of any complete exhibition of Reynolds's art. His father seems to have realised very soon the real bent of his son's talents, and, after taking counsel with one or two trusted friends, he determined to help the lad, who had said "he would rather be an apothecary than an ordinary painter; but, if he could be bound to an eminent master, he should choose the latter." A few months later the momentous step was taken, and arrangements were made by which Hudson, also a Devonshire man, should receive young Reynolds into his house in Great Queen Street, and here the pupil took his lodgings towards the close of 1740.

His stay with his master was prematurely brought to a close, ostensibly because Reynolds had delayed to take one of Hudson's pictures to Van Haaken, who was to paint in the drapery, but more probably because Hudson saw in his young pupil the rise of a fame which was speedily to eclipse his own, although it is only justice to Reynolds to say that throughout his career he acknowledged by word and act his indebtedness to his master. Reynolds returned to Devonshire, and at once set himself to earn a livelihood by painting portraits. The Commissioner of Plymouth Dockyard at that time was Philip Vanbrugh, who seems from the first to have taken an interest in the youth. There is no means of ascertaining whether any relationship existed between Reynolds's early patron and the poet-architect,

whose buildings were more dull than his plays; yet it is more than probable that the two artists met in later life, for Sir John Vanbrugh, who survived until 1776, was a member of the famous Kit-Cat Club, which Reynolds, at all events in his younger days, must have frequented, but no portrait, except that by Kneller, is handed down to us of—

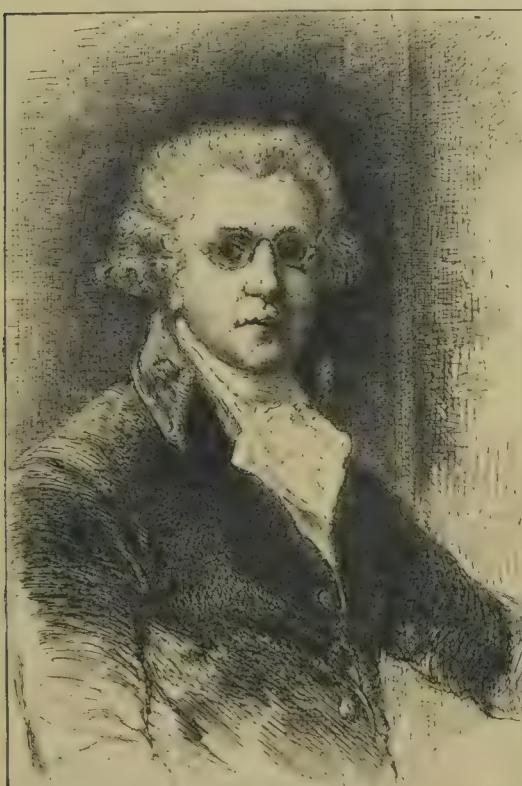
That sweet-natured gentleman and pleasant
Who writes your comedies, draws
schemes and models,
And builds duke's houses upon very
old hills.

Reynolds's stay in Devonshire was not protracted; a sort of reconciliation with Hudson brought him back to London, and before the end of 1746 Reynolds had painted the portrait of Captain Hamilton, the father of the Marquis of Abercorn, the work which first brought him into notice. There is nothing in this picture which would arrest the attention of those who have seen Reynolds's later work, for it shows in a marked manner the constrained style of his master; but it was the means of obtaining for the artist a commission to paint his first portrait group, when,



General View of Plympton.

breaking with the traditions of all former art, Reynolds depicted Captain Hamilton carrying on his back one of the children of the first Lord Eliot. It was on this occasion that Reynolds painted his picture of a bewitching woman,



BORN, JULY 16, 1723.

DIED, FEB. 23, 1792.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

a long illness, borne with cheerful fortitude, the Plympton schoolmaster's son passed away on Feb. 23, 1792, at his home in Leicester Fields. Fifty years had passed since he had first come to London to learn the rudiments of his art from Thomas Hudson, the principal portrait-painter of the

Miss. Chudleigh, then Maid-of-Honour to the Princess of Wales, who subsequently was only too well known as the Duchess of Kingston and a "professional beauty." His Devonshire friends continued to interest themselves in the



Old Castle.



PLYMPTON.

young artist, and he was already beginning to make an income by portrait-painting when he was again summoned back to Devonshire by the death of his father, and for the next few years made a home for his mother and sisters at Plymouth, where he went on painting portraits when he could get sitters, and in the intervals devoting himself to landscape work, for which the neighbourhood afforded abundant scope.

It is not our object to follow Reynolds in his long unbroken career of success, to which his manners contributed scarcely less than his talents. He won friends in all stations of life, and if he could be accused of paying too much court to the great and rich, it was to them that he had to look for patronage. There is, however, nothing to suggest any interested motives for his friendship with Commodore Keppel, to whom he owed the fortune of visiting Portugal, Spain, and Italy. He spent two years at Rome, and several months at other important cities, returning fully equipped as an artist, with a deeper sense of his own shortcomings than haunted any of his contemporaries, but inspired with a determination to fulfil as far as in him lay the prediction of his first instructor, Jonathan Richardson—that there were



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' HOUSE IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

qualities in Englishmen which would shed lustre upon the art of painting in a degree which would astonish the world.

In 1753 Reynolds definitely fixed himself in London, first in apartments, at 101, St. Martin's Lane, where Sir James Thornhill, Van Hoest, the sculptor, and Hayman then lived, and afterwards at 5, Great Newport Street. A few years later he made his final remove to Leicester Fields—or Leicester Square, as it is now called—then the artists' centre, where Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough had lived or were living. Reynolds' house was No. 47, and his painting-rooms are now used as auction-rooms, and are accessible to all. Little except the staircase and corridor remains of the old house, but some idea of the size of the studio can at least be ascertained. From the date of his first starting until a few months before his death he was never idle. His first pictures were painted at the rate of five guineas each; but now he raised the prices to twelve guineas for a head, twenty-four for a half-length, and forty-eight for a full-length portrait, and very shortly afterwards he had advanced to fifteen guineas for a head, and the others in proportion. His industry was remarkable: his pocket-books show that he painted from 120 to 150 in each year between 1753 and 1760, and there is no reason to suppose that he relaxed in his work until twenty or five-and-twenty years later. Yet scarcely a single work which belongs to this period shows the sign of slovenliness or haste. He managed to seize with unerring eye, and to transcribe with unfaltering hand, the distinctive grace of each sitter—man, woman, or child; he touched with grace each fleeting fashion, and by his art gave it permanency. The warrior, the statesman, and the scholar are depicted with that touch of genius which makes them live before our eyes, and

at this distance of time enables us to understand their characters better than half the biographies of which they have been the subjects. His women are marked by a grace and a distinction which had been hitherto unperceived by the school of Lely and Kneller, as seen in the numerous portraits of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the Ladies Waldegrave, Lady Charlotte Spencer, and the "beautiful Gunnings," to name only a few of his masterpieces. Even in the *race légère*, of which Kitty Fisher, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Abington, and, above all, Nelly O'Brien, were the examples, the indescribable smile, the seductive witchery, and varying tones denote the perfect artist, to whom mere sensuousness makes no appeal. It is, however, alone in his children that Reynolds appeals most widely, and, perhaps, even most permanently, to his fellow countrymen—"Simplicity," "The Age of Innocence," "Penelope Boothby," "Lesbia," "Miss Pelham feeding Chickens," the "Strawberry Girl," are as familiar in our mouths as household words. Their simple charms never fail, their beauties are ever fresh, and we turn to them with national pride, not only as the works of our greatest artist, but as true types of English child-life. It is here that Reynolds's claim to permanent fame is to be found. Living in an age of low ideals, of half-formed tastes, and of slightly varnished social life, he raised the standard of manhood, the beauties of womanhood, and the charms of childhood to a lofty pinnacle, and compelled his contemporaries and their descendants to live in view of this higher, nobler, purer life. He was not intentionally, like Hogarth, a moralist on canvas; but by the strength of his genius he bade men and women see and feel that there was within them something which was not wholly frivolous, worldly, and perishable.

Of his interesting personality, his friend Edmund Burke may well say the last word: "His talents of every kind, his social virtues in all the relations of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow."

HERE lie the Remains of
S^r. JOSHUA REYNOLDS KN^T
PRESIDENT of the
ROYAL ACADEMY
OF
PAINTING, SCULPTURE
and ARCHITECTURE
He was Born at
PLYMPTON in DEVONSHIRE
the 16th of July 1723
And died at LONDON.
the 23rd of Feb: 1792



PLYMPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

TABLET OVER THE TOMB OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of water-colours by the Dudley Gallery Art Society at the Egyptian Hall contains no work of striking power or startling interest, but, on the other hand, it does not fall below its usual standard. The old lines upon which "The Dudley" was originally founded have long since disappeared, and we can only be thankful that it is constituted on a sufficiently broad basis to admit of works of all sorts and schools. The President, Mr. Walter Severn's, most attractive work, "British Ironclads to the Rescue," has already been referred to in connection with the recent exhibition of his work. With regard to his other contributions, chiefly Scottish, on the present occasion, it seems strange that one who has evidently lived so much in the Highlands should be so colour-blind with regard to heather. Among the general body of exhibitors, Mr. Hubert Medlycott's riverside studies about London, Miss Helen O'Hara's wave and rock studies on the coast of Antrim, and Miss Mildred Butler's glimpses of inland Irish scenery are among the most satisfactory pictures in the gallery. Mr. Dudley Hardy in nearly every work shows a fine sense of colour and a free hand in drawing—qualities which ought to bring him to a prominent position. Mr. David Green is seldom more at his ease than when transcribing quaint bits of riverside life at Dord or elsewhere on the Maas. Mr. Harry Goodwin is emulating his namesake's style in the treatment of old Swiss cities, but he seems to forget that the Limmat at Lucerne is a rushing stream, not a placid emerald mirror; while Mr. B. J. Donne—an authority on such points—depicts eventide in the Alps with a brown-black sky worthy of our northern clime. Mr. A. B. Wynne's "Glencoe," Mrs. Heathcote's Riviera sketches, Mr. F. T. Aldridge's river scenes, and Mr. F. W. Cartwright's "Derwentwater," all show appreciation of Nature and a healthy regard for her varying moods.

Those who are curious to see what degree of perfection the art of imitation and reproduction can be produced in water-colours, should ask to be shown Miss E. Seymour's album, which has been lent to the Fine Art Society for exhibition. It contains some fifty studies of the wings and feathers of birds, executed with such exactness of form, colour, and solidity as to provoke the doubt at first sight that the illusion produced is due only to the paint-brush. It is not surprising that Mr. Ruskin should have spoken in the highest terms of praise of brushwork which falls little short of the marvellous, and it is equally satisfactory to know that the late Lord Lilford had frequent recourse to Miss Seymour's talent when publishing his superb "History of British Birds," where many of her lifelike studies of plumage appear. It is probably only in the compilation of such works, dealing with the different realms of natural history, that Miss Seymour's talents can find full scope, but even as mere specimens of water-colour art they are full of interest.

At Athens the excavations conducted under the superintendence of Dr. Dorpfeld on the west side of the city have laid bare a portion of the ancient road leading from the Ceramicons (the potters' quarter) to the Acropolis, as well as traces of the aqueduct of Pisistratus. The road, which is described by Panaiotis, and therefore accessible to all, thanks to Miss J. E. Harrison's excellent translation, is that which was used for the Panathenaic procession. Close to the wall which supports the artificially constructed road are obvious vestiges of a large reservoir, with narrow subterranean channels so planned that in time of siege, by means of deep wells, water could be drawn up to the Acropolis itself. The aqueduct of Pisistratus brought water from the upper valley of the Ilissus, which also supplied one or more of the fountains which were to be found at several of the city gates; and Dr. Dorpfeld is of opinion that the remains of other aqueducts near the theatre of Herodes, under that of Dionysos, and those discovered in the now royal gardens belong to a general system adopted by Pisistratus for supplying the city with pure water. After a lapse of nearly two thousand five hundred years it is not impossible that the waterworks of the great "Tyrant" of Athens may be once more utilised, for parts of the aqueduct are in excellent preservation, and a bright stream of water still runs from the Ilissus, so that modern Athenians may, as the modern Romans have already done, profit by the benefits conferred upon their remotest ancestors by enlightened rulers.

It is a little dangerous for the uninitiated to speak with any confidence of the "leaders" of Impressionism, either here or in Paris, for it is, of course, competent for the adepts to classify themselves as they think fit. At any rate, we may possibly give but little offence in saying that M. Camille Pissarro, in this country at least, does not enjoy the reputation which he doubtless deserves, and would probably obtain if he brought to London the collection of his pictures which is now attracting considerable notice in Paris. M. Pissarro, who began by following the lead of Courbet—whose guidance he subsequently quitted for that of Millet—very soon discovered that he could do better when left to himself. His landscapes are, as he tells us, the results of his first impressions, which he never modifies. Happily for himself and for those who go to study his work, twenty years have very much softened M. Pissarro's first ideas of nature, and, as the pictures are arranged chronologically, they are extremely interesting, as showing how much a painter can learn in twenty years. In many respects his work resembles that of his friend and colleague, Claude Monet; but there is in it even greater disregard for the formalities of art, as taught in Academies and as practised by those who have not brought themselves to bow before the genius of "Modernity."

Some of the present season's etchings bear witness to the marked advance made by English etchers in the various branches of their art. Mr. H. R. Robertson has just completed two admirably finished works, after pictures by Mr. MacWhirter, entitled "The Avenue: 'Sunlight'" and "Twilight" (Fine Art Society). There is, perhaps, too great regularity in the composition of both works, especially of the former; but the delicate rendering of the light glinting among the graceful boughs cannot be over-praised. Miss Catherine M. Nichols has also completed two interesting works in dry point, "Amidst the Pines," and "A Dream of Ceres" (Millard, Davis, and Co.), which display not only great feeling for nature, but a power of original composition which gives promise of earning distinction among the painter-etchers of the day. It is easy to trace the influence which has helped Miss Nichols towards the end she has in view; but the poetic touch which gives life to these transcripts of nature is inborn, or, at least, indwelling, in the artist.

ENTERTAINING DUNCES.

Although the diversions of a schoolmaster during the humdrum discharge of his duties are "like angels' visits, few and far between," still, when they do occur, they have a piquant freshness and attractiveness which is peculiarly their own. Of course, at the time a little scholar makes his mistake the teacher may be somewhat annoyed by it; but the subsequent effect is, or should be, such as I state—namely, diverting and recreative. And the teacher should be on the alert for these innocent perpetrations of his little disciples; indeed, his motto should be "When found, make a note of"; if this be not done, it is surprising how soon the witty, humorous, or naïve answer is forgotten and lost in the past.

As a rule, the pedagogue hesitates to admit into his school the lads who are plainly and patently stamped by Nature as chronic ignoramuses; the very sight of them gives the domineering shivers, and he anxiously tries every art and argument to induce the fond mother to forego her kind patronage, and to move on to some other establishment with her precious *lunus naturae*. However, I would assure the teacher that very often, in admitting these "prodigious" dunces, he is opening his school-doors to "angels unawares," for it is from these very dullards that he will most frequently get his diversions, his choicest and most amusing examples of naïveté. The bright lad merely exhibits occasional flashes of something like wit; it is your real, arrant dance of Nature's own labelling who supplies the cream of the fun and sends off erratic sparks at all possible tangents.

And speaking of "admitting" scholars reminds me of an amusing answer which a schoolmaster received from a "new boy."

In every Government school the master is compelled to keep an admission register, in which he chronicles the name of the child, the name of the parent, child's age, address, &c. This particular schoolmaster was entering a lad whose face bespoke him to be one of the race of thoroughbred blockheads. After the master had, with much difficulty, got the lad to recollect and give his own name, he said to him—

"Well, now, Tom Binney, and what is your father's name?"

"Please, Sir, his name's Binney too," responded the boy, with confident alacrity.

"Yes, I know that, my lad," said the schoolmaster, nibbling uneasily at his pen, "but I want you to tell me his first name—his Christian name."

The boy was quite disconcerted, and the master could get no other answer from him except the reiteration that he "knew nothin' abart it," and that he had "never heard on it."

The schoolmaster became nearly distracted.

Presently, however, a happy idea occurred to him. It struck him that he might put his question in such a homely and practical way that the lad—even though he were the biggest dullard on earth—could not fail to apprehend it and give the requisite answer.

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"Now, my boy," said the schoolmaster, coaxingly, "just try to think what your mother calls your father when he gets home of an evening. She doesn't call him Binney, you know. Now, what does she call him, eh?"

Then the face of that little dunce instantly lit up with a bright intelligence, and he promptly gave expression to a name which the master took to be *Brutus*.

"*Brutus?*" said the schoolmaster, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "That is rather an uncommon name. Are you sure that it is *Brutus*, my lad?"

"No, Sir," then answered this little angel in disguise, "that isn't it at all. I said as she always called him 'Oh, you brute!' And so she do, Sir."

Then the schoolmaster scratched his head in despair, and gave the case up as utterly hopeless. The dunce's "*Et tu, Brute,*" was a little too much for him, and he dismissed the urchin to his place and left that particular column blank.

Children sometimes make most ludicrous mistakes in their written and oral class exercises. These mistakes frequently arise from the children having failed to hear or to understand the teacher's exact words or meaning; and sometimes, it must be confessed, because the teacher has not properly explained his subject, or because he has talked over the heads of his little scholars. The following anecdote will illustrate this.

A certain teacher had a praiseworthy custom of giving his boys a lesson or little lecture from time to time on some practical maxim. On one occasion his subject was "Everything, however apparently noxious, has its proper use"; and he illustrated his lesson by instancing such unfavourable objects as the spider, the frog, and the raven, and such seemingly adverse phenomena as the storm, the frost, &c.

At the close of his discourse, he requested the lads to write down in their exercise-books a few similar and relative examples, and one of the class—an ill-clad poverty-stricken lad, with pinched face and sunken tell-tale eyes—chronicled an example as follows—

"Beer and Whisky—Useful for poisoning black-beetles."

Was not this a case of *Qui dedit dissit?* At any rate, the master informs me that he took his little scholar's lesson to heart, and he shortly afterwards succeeded in inducing the management to introduce a temperance reading-book into his school.

Some few lads, like certain of their elders, think they can at least write poetry if they can do nothing else, and very amusing it is to peruse their artless rhythmical effusions. Almost without exception, juvenile "poems" exemplify Butler's pithy statement that—

Those that write in rhyme still make

The one verse for the other's sake:

One for sense and one for rhyme.

The two stanzas which I subjoin—written some months ago by a little fellow nine years of age—are a fair type of this class of poetical "lisping." The lad entitles his composition "Death and Life," and, with childish naïveté or conceit, dubbs the first stanza Part I. and the second stanza Part II. Well,

perhaps this bold little gleaner on the slopes of Parnassus may (like John Ruskin) live to see the time when a curious public will be pleased to inspect his long-time closeted juvenilia—

I.
Death is like a terrible monster,
Hardly ever in his hole,
Creeping very stealthily on us.
Pray, have pity on my soul!

II.
Life is like a summer flower,
Never knowing when 'twill die;
But it can be made some use of,
For 'twas made 'fore God's good eye.

A teacher received a remarkable answer while he was delivering to his class a chatty discourse upon the subject or text of "The Pride of Man's Flesh." During the lesson he appealed to the children's thoughtfulness and habits of observation by asking them to give him some familiar instances of such pride and vanity.

One little fellow, only six years of age, immediately cried out—

"Why, proud flesh, Sir!"

"Proud flesh?" echoed the master, smiling in spite of himself; "why, my child, whatever do you suppose 'proud flesh to be? Just tell us, please."

"Oh! it means," precipitately announced the inexperienced little fellow, "it means flesh as thinks too much of itself, Sir."

The ship canal across the Isthmus of Corinth is officially reported to be in active progress. Walls of nearly seven-and-a-half feet in height, to prevent the earth falling in, have been constructed. It is expected that the canal will be open for traffic before the end of next year.

During the past year enormous quantities of fruit and flowers have been imported from Jersey and Guernsey. No fewer than 84,000 baskets, largely consisting of grapes and tomatoes, were consigned to one leading salesman in Covent Garden Market in that period. Large quantities of melons, figs, and flowers were also received.

The Laboratory of Practical Engineering at King's College, London, founded by Lady Siemens as a memorial of her late husband, Sir William Siemens, the great electrician and steel manufacturer, one of the most eminent men of science in this age, was formally opened on Friday, Feb. 19, by Sir William Thomson, President of the Royal Society; and this noble gift was accepted, with due acknowledgments, by the Rev. Principal Wace and the Council of King's College. The laboratory is completely furnished with the best improved apparatus.

A pitiful disaster occurred on Friday evening, Feb. 19, at a magic-lantern entertainment for children, given at the Liberal Unionist Club-room in Argyle Square, King's Cross. Nearly two hundred and fifty children were assembled. A lantern containing paraffin oil was accidentally upset on the table, and blazing streams of the liquid poured over the floor. This caused a frightful panic: there was a rush to the staircase, which is only 4 ft. wide, and some twenty of the little ones were thrown down, suffering contusions or fractures of bones. Three were taken to the Royal Free Hospital, but all are likely to recover.

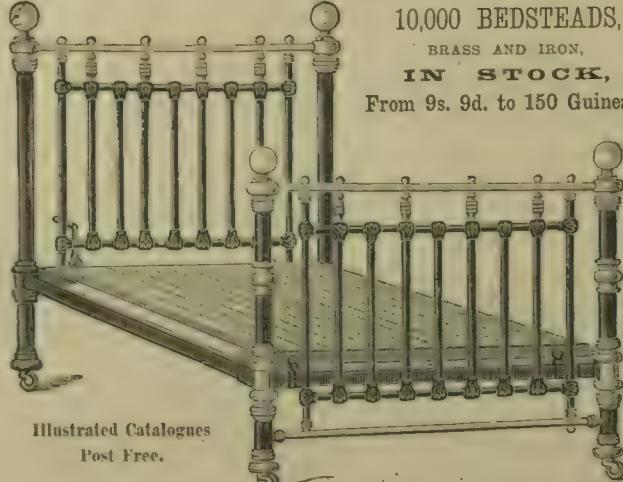
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The curious attitude assumed by Mr. Oscar Wilde on the night of the production of his new play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," tempts me to indulge in a few recollections. It is to me such an utter revelation to see the changed condition of things within the walls of a theatre between yesterday, when authors and managers alike were courteous, submissive, and deferential to "our kind friends in front," and to-day, when, undeterred by manager, unchecked by public voice, unreprimanded by men, and tacitly encouraged by women, an author lounges in front of the footlights without any becoming deference of attitude, takes no trouble to fling aside his half-smoked cigarette, and proceeds to compliment the audience on its good sense in liking what he himself has condescended to admire! Mr. William Archer told us the other day in his own half-humorous and half-cynical fashion that the names of Leicester Buckingham and of Frederic Guest Tomlins always grated on his sensitive ears. I don't see why it should be so, as neither the one nor the other is of very much account in the dramatic history of our times. They were both harmless and hard-working gentlemen. The one who makes poor Mr. Archer gnash his teeth was the son of a celebrated Radical politician, Silk Buckingham, and he divided his time between writing fiery leaders, scribbling dramatic and musical criticisms, and adapting French plays. He was not a giant even in his own days; he did not come up to the knees of George Henry Lewes, for whose criticisms I am surprised to find Mr. Archer has not much good to say. But Tomlins was a man of a sturdier and manlier type. He, too, was a violent politician, a political leader-writer, the clerk to an old City company, a learned Shaksperian scholar, and a dramatic critic. But to my tale, Years and years ago George Augustus Sala and Robert Brough wrote a most remarkable and brilliant poem, that professed to prophesy the ultimate fate of the leading literary men of their time. There was a remarkable prophecy about old Tomlins. He was humorously depicted as reduced, in his old age, to selling "ginger pop" at the back of the pit of a London theatre, and slaying an offensive manager with one of his own stone bottles. The Tomlins stanza concluded somewhat in this fashion: "Him with a stout stone bottle slew! He buried it from the pit!" By the most curious coincidence in the world, this prophecy was within an ace of becoming true, so far as the assault on the manager was concerned. I was present on the first night of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" at the old Princess's, and the scene where the boy Josephs was lashed up to be flogged roused the whole house to indignation. Old Tomlins, feeling instinctively that the passion of the house was with him, sprang up in his stall and protested against the brutality and inartistic quality of the exhibition. An unseemly wrangle took place between the manager and the critic, but the public sympathised with Tomlins. I was present at the Adelphi on the first night of a play by Wilkie Collins, when Anson impetuously rushed to the front and lectured the audience for daring to dislike the work of so able an author and dramatist as Wilkie Collins. But Anson had reckoned without his host. They wanted to rend Anson and to scatter him about in little bits.

But supposing, after all, Mr. Oscar Wilde is a cynic of deeper significance than we take him to be. Supposing he intends to reform and revolutionise society at large by sublime self-sacrifice. There are two sides to every question, and Mr. Oscar Wilde's piety in social reform has not as yet been urged by anybody. His attitude has been so extraordinary

that I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is possible that he may have said to himself, "I will show you and prove to you what an extent bad manners are not only recognised but endorsed in this wholly free and unrestrained age. I will do on the stage of a public theatre what I should not dare do at a mass meeting in the Park. I will uncover my head in the presence of refined women, but I refuse to put down my cigarette. The working-man may put out his pipe when he spouts, but my cigarette is too 'precious' for destruction. I will show no humility, and I will stand unbent. I will take greater liberties with the public than any author who has ever preceeded me in history. And I will retire scatheless. The society that allows boys to puff cigarette smoke into the faces of ladies in the theatre-corridors will condone the originality of a smoking author on the stage." This may be the form of Mr. Oscar Wilde's curious cynicism, He may say, "I will test this question of manners and show that they are not nowdays recognised."

Having proved by a test so strong as this the indifference of society to what used to be called good manners and good breeding, Mr. Oscar Wilde may say, "I will show you also how unsentimental is the age in which we live. I cannot help it. I am not responsible for it, but there it is. I can only write for people as they are, not for people as they ought to be. I will prove to you by my play that the very instinct of maternity—that holiest and purest instinct with women—is deadened in the breasts of our English mothers. I will paint for you a young English mother who adores her husband, who has a firstborn child scarcely yet weaned from the breast, who has been brought up in a strictly decorous society, who has high views on religion and honour, and I will show how, without seeking reflection at her child's bedside, she will leave her husband, her home, her firstborn, her character, her reputation—and for what? For the arms of a man she does not profess to love. And for what reason? Because she has learned from the tittle-tattle of her friends that her husband has been false to her! This shall be accepted as the Gospel truth. I tell you that the mothers in society will not consider that I have outraged their sex or expressed anything but the truth. But this is not the only type of mother I will paint for you. You have seen how the good mother can desert her newborn infant without a pang. You shall see how the worldly mother shall, having recognised her lost child, part from her as she parts from the atelier of a Bond Street milliner. I will show you a mother who leaves her daughter for ever, unkissed, and goes downstairs to accept the hand of a roné admirer on her deserted daughter's doorstep. I tell you that society will not say one word except that it is all very amusing. Amusing they will consider it, but unnatural—never. It is society that is at fault, not I. I paint what I see; I am not a sentimental, but a cynic. The best test of the justice of my picture is found in the fact that society does not reprimand it." And then Mr. Oscar Wilde, pursuing this train of thought, may go on to say, "And I will prove to you also how inartistic are these people for whom I write. They have no nice sense of proportion. They don't understand balance of effect or light and shade. They are quick, and they will laugh at what is clever. They love 'smart people' and 'smart things.' They have canonised the word 'smart.' They don't care one brass farthing if the elderly man talks like the callow boy or the innocent girl like the blushing woman. They must all be up to date and smart. 'To be intelligible is to be found out.' I have never since I left Oxford and won the Newdigate with my poem on 'Ravenna' been wholly intelligible. And I have never been found out." Thus might argue Mr. Oscar Wilde in his own defence. Meanwhile, society at large will rush to see his play.

OBITUARY

SIR RICHARD DE CAPELL-BROOKE, BART.
Sir Richard Lewis de Capell-Brooke, Bart., of Great Oakley Hall, Northamptonshire, and of Aghadoe, county Cork, died, on Feb. 3, at his residence, The Elms, near Market Harborough. He was born on April 7, 1831, the eldest son of Sir William de Capell-Brooke, third baronet, by the Hon. Catherine Watson, his wife, youngest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, proceeding in 1854 to the degree of M.A., and in 1858 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He was a magistrate for the counties of Leicester and Northampton, and was some time a captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. In October 1867 he married Mary Grace, elder daughter of the Right Rev. Edward Trollope, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, brother of the first Lord Kesteven, and leaves, with other issue, an elder son, now Sir Arthur Richard de Capell-Brooke, fifth baronet, lieutenant in the Northamptonshire Regiment, who was born Oct. 12, 1869, and is unmarried.

SIR GEOFFREY PALMER, BART.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer, eighth baronet, of Carlton, Northamptonshire, died on Feb. 10, at his seat near Rockingham, aged eighty-two. He was the eldest son of Sir John Henry Palmer, seventh baronet, by the Honourable Mary Grace Monson, his wife, eldest daughter of the second Lord Sondes. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1830, and in 1838 was called to the Bar. He was a magistrate for Leicester and Northampton, and served the office of High Sheriff for the latter county in 1871. He unsuccessfully contested, in the Liberal interest, Leicester borough in 1852. The baronet whose death we announce was formerly captain in the Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, and was unmarried. He is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Lewis Henry Palmer, ninth baronet, who was lately Rector of East Carlton, and was born in 1818.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WALLER, BART.

Sir George Henry Waller, third baronet, of Braywick Lodge, Berks, formerly Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Eastern District, died on Feb. 10 from the effects of a paralytic seizure. He was born in September 1837, the elder son of Sir Thomas Wathen Waller, second baronet, for some time Secretary of Legation at Brussels (who died only a fortnight ago), by his wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Wise, of Offchurch, Warwick. In August 1854 he entered the Army as ensign in the 7th Fusiliers, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, April 1886. He served throughout the Crimean campaign of 1854, including the siege of Sebastopol, the attack and capture of the Quarries, June 7, and the assault of the Redan, June 18; at the latter engagement he was wounded. He had a medal with clasp, the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish medal. The baronet whose death we record married June 21, 1870, Beatrice Katharine Frances, daughter of Mr. Christopher Tower, of Huntsmore Park. He is succeeded in the title by Francis Ernest Waller, born June 11, 1880, the elder son.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1874), with six codicils, of the Hon. Algernon Gray Tollemaeche, M.P. for Grantham 1832-7, late of Wick House, Richmond, Surrey, who died on Jan. 16, has been proved by Lord Sudeley and Julius Alfred Bertram, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £614,000; this is exclusive of the deceased's large property in New Zealand. The testator bequeaths £2000, railway stock amounting to over £40,000, and all his furniture, plate, books, pictures, china, horses, carriages, and effects to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Louisa Tollemaeche, conditionally on her surviving him twenty days; and there are numerous legacies, some of considerable amount, to relatives and others, and one of £500 to be divided, at the discretion of his executors, among the poor of the parish of Ham. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; at her death one half of the residue of his real and personal estate is to go to his niece, Lady Sudeley, in the same manner as if it were part of the real and personal estate of his late brother, the Hon. Frederick James Tollemaeche, passing under his will, but so that a son succeeding to the title of Baron Sudeley is to be excluded from participating; one moiety of the other half to his wife absolutely; and the other moiety thereof between Olivia Sinclair, the daughter of his late brother, Arthur, the five children of Mrs. Louisa Mason, the three children of Mrs. Emeline Power, and the three children of Mrs. Adelaide Johnstone.

The will and codicil (dated July 8 and 17, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Greig Stark, late of Rose Bank House, near Ramsbottom, Lancashire, 83, Moseley Street, Manchester, and Hanworth Hall, Cramer, Norfolk, calico printer, who died on Dec. 12 at Cairo, were proved on Feb. 2 by James Parr and Peregrine Watson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to each of his executors; and £7500, upon trust, for his daughter, Isabella Belton, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephews John Haviland and Donald Bain absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 12, 1890), of Baroness Harriett Heath, late of Coombe House, near Croydon, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Feb. 8 by Henry Burnley Heath, and Baron Amédée John Heath, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to

over £19,000. The testatrix devises her property in Great Suffolk Street, Southwark, to her said son; and there are some specific gifts to children and pecuniary legacies to sons-in-law, grandchildren, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her three children, Baron Amédée John Heath, Ellen Rose Swaine, and Ada Harriett Curtis, in equal shares. She appoints certain trust funds in settlement, so that, with what has already been appointed to them respectively, each of her children will take an equal share thereof.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 25, 1884) of Mr. John Cook, late of 61, North Castle Street, Edinburgh, Writer to the Signet, who died on Dec. 4, granted to Henry Cook, Charles Cook, and William Home Cook, the sons, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £93,000.

The will (dated Dec. 30, 1890) of Lieutenant-General Richard Andrew Doria, R.E., late of Allan Bank, Wimbledon, who died on Jan. 4, at Ascot, was proved on Feb. 13 by John Haviland and Richard Donald Bain, the nephews, and Thomas Brooks Bumpsted, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £68,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his sister Mrs. Harriet Haviland; £1500 each to his sisters Mary Philpot and Elizabeth Bain; £1500 each to his niece, Beatrice Doria, and his nephew Francesco Doria; and £1000 to his brother, Adair Doria. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephews John Haviland and Donald Bain absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 14, 1892), of Mr. John Elling, late of Warminster, Wilts, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 11 by Robert Lewis Willcox, George Bailey Mundy, and Thomas Ponting, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects and one half of the net amount of his real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Jane Payne Elling; £100 each to the Warminster Cottage Hospital and the Warminster Athenaeum; an annuity of £300 to William Henry Butcher; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the children of the said William Henry Butcher by his present wife.

The will (executed Aug. 8, 1891) of Mr. Frederick James Lowe, late of 4, Temple Gardens, Temple, and of Grosvenor Chambers, 395, Oxford Street, barrister-at-law, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 10 by Jonathan Holmes Poulter and Jonathan Watson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Laura Turrell, for life, and then for her children; £5000 each to Annie Bell, Lizzie Webster, and Ben Webster; £300 to the Old Cheltonian Society, to found a double-sculling prize, to be named after him, to be rowed for by the boys of Cheltenham College; and numerous other legacies. The residue of his property up to £300 he gives to the Lady Margaret Boat Club, or other the principal boat club of St. John's College, Cambridge, also to found a double-sculling prize to be named after him. The ultimate residue he leaves to his executors.

The will (dated June 9, 1890) of Mr. Henry Bell, late of "Greenfield," West Kirby, Cheshire, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Feb. 9 by Henry Bell (formerly the younger) and George Eccles Bell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for his daughter, Frances Mary Bell; £3000 to his son George Eccles Bell; and £2000 to his son William Roper Bell. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his son Henry.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1885) of Mrs. Mary Ann Cripps, late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on Feb. 11 by Wilfred Joseph Cripps, C.B., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. There are some pecuniary and specific gifts to children, and the residue of her property the testatrix leaves to her four children, Wilfred Joseph, Edmund William, Walter Mainwaring, and Catherine Dorothea, in equal shares, but certain advancements to them are to be brought into hotchpot.

A committee has been formed at St. John's College, Cambridge, to provide a memorial of the late Professor John Couch Adams, the astronomer; it is proposed to place a bust and tablet in Westminster Abbey, to print copies of his papers for presentation to learned societies, and to establish a college scholarship of mathematics and physics. Sir Robert Ball, Astronomer-Royal at Dublin, has been elected to the Cambridge Professorship.

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MUSIC.

The professional and amateur elements furnished between them an abundance of orchestral music in central London during the week ending Feb. 20, four concerts taking place within the last three days. On the Thursday the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society executed an extremely well-chosen programme, included in which were a new "Funeral March" of Mr. J. F. H. Read (in memory of the late Duke of Clarence), two movements from a suite by Mr. William Wallace, and the Beethoven violin concerto, the last-named work introducing a clever young débâutante in the person of Miss Lilian Griffiths, who has studied latterly under Professor Heermann at Frankfort, and gives promise of future distinction. On the following evening Sir Charles Hallé and his Manchester band had possession of St. James's Hall for the last time this season, and wound up with unabated vigour and spirit an undertaking which has been as remarkable for its artistic success as for its disastrous financial results. It is declared that the Hallé orchestra will visit the Metropolis no more, and after this unpleasant experience we can hardly feign surprise at the announcement. "Pity 't is, 't is true," that is all. The features of the final concert were the performance of Berlioz's "Harold en Italie," and the noteworthy constellation presented by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's triple concerto.

At the Crystal Palace, on the Saturday, Master Otto Hegner was to have appeared, and as the boy is a great favourite

large audience assembled in the concert-room to hear him play. Unluckily, he was prevented by sudden illness from leaving his bed, and the statement made to that effect created manifest disappointment. Miss Adeline de Lara, who filled the vacant place, compensated for the absence of the prodigy by a charming performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto and other shorter pieces, winning a hearty recall and an encore as the reward of her efforts. The novelty of the afternoon was a "Gipsy Suite" by Mr. Edward German, the composer of the admirable incidental music to "Richard III." and "Henry VIII." who has herein given further evidence of his poetic imagination and delightful vein of melody. The best of the four movements comprising the suite is the third, an allegro grazioso, replete with dainty elegance and expressive charm; but the allegro di bravura and the final tarantella are most strongly tinged with the gipsy character, and in his imitations of this style, somewhat after the manner of Bizet, Mr. German has succeeded to perfection. The orchestration, which is marked throughout by grace and inventive skill, received entire justice at the hands of Mr. Manns and his fine band, and at the end of the suite the composer was called to the platform and warmly cheered. Among the remaining features of the programme nothing commanded greater appreciation than the vocal items rendered by Madame Clara Samuell. At night the concert of the Strolling Players' Orchestral Society at St. James's Hall brought the busy week to a close. As usual, this affair was attended by a large and appreciative audience, but the selection was not particularly interesting; neither did it strike us that

Mr. Norfolk Megone's amateur instrumentalists displayed their customary average of correctness and finish.

The attendance at the Popular Concert on Feb. 22 was again unsatisfactory, while the entertainment, on the other hand, was calculated to delight every cultivated and earnest amateur who can find enjoyment in the chamber music of such masters as Mozart, Weber, and Dvorák. The Bohemian's wonderfully original and characteristic quartet in E flat, Op. 51, was the opening item of the scheme, and its interpretation by Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti was simply ideal. This was the last appearance at the "Pops" for the present of the "Queen of Violinists" and her exquisite playing in the "Drmka" (elegy), which forms the second movement of the Dvorák quartet, will not speedily be forgotten by those who were present. Madame Néruda also took part with Messrs. Schönberger, Straus, and Piatti in Mozart's pianoforte quartet in G minor; and the pianist, by the way, was heard to much greater advantage in this work than in Weber's A flat sonata, his rendering of which was extremely unequal. Mr. Schönberger is an impulsive player, and he sometimes allows his temperament to get the better of his discretion. By madly hurrying the final rondo of the sonata he quite spoiled the impression he had created in the earlier movements. He was encoraged, nevertheless, and played a piece by a composer named Siess. Mr. Plunket Greene received a similar compliment after his admirable delivery of Schubert's "Gesang des Harfers," and was also very successful in three Hungarian songs, arranged by F. Korbay, a native of the twin empire, now resident in Boston.

DEATH.

On Feb. 16, at the residence of Major-General Thomson, K.C.B., and wife, Cheltenham, Lydia Julianne, widow of the late General Christopher Birdwood, 3rd Royal Irish Infantry, in the 77th year of her age.

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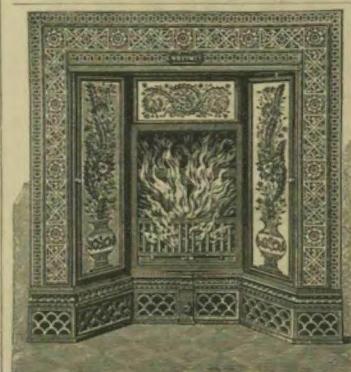
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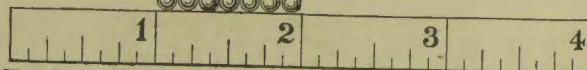
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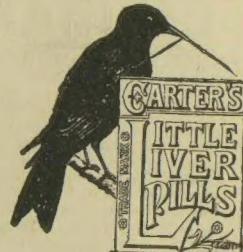
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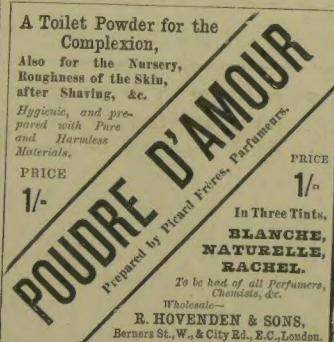
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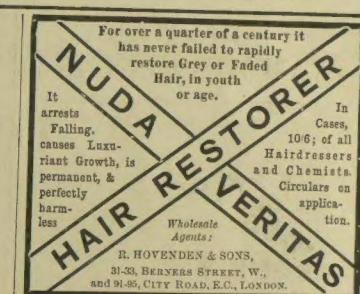
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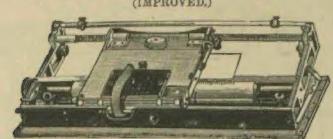
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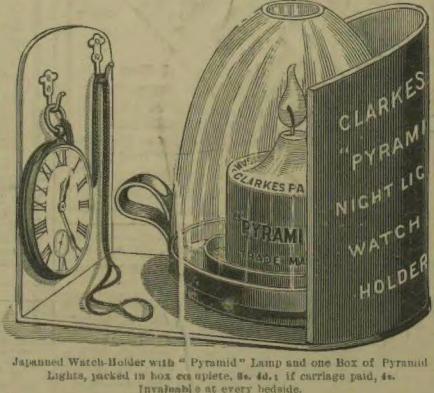
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